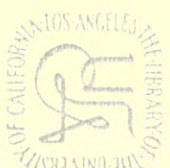
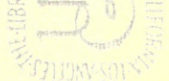
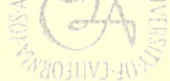
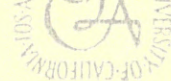


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OUT THERE

*A DRAMATIC COMPOSITION
IN THREE PARTS*

BY
J. HARTLEY MANNERS

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THE AUTHOR READS HIS PLAY AT THE FIRST REHEARSAL

Seated from left to right—Eleonora de Cisteros, Mrs. Fiske, George Arliss, Julia Arthur, James T. Powers, Beryl Mercer, James K. Hackett, J. Hartley Manners.

Standing, from left to right—George MacFarlane, Burr McIntosh, Laurette Taylor, H. B. Warner, George M. Cohan, Chauncey Olcott, Helen Ware, O. P. Heggie.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

"Out ~~There~~" was chosen as the play with which the theatrical profession of America should aid the great Red Cross drive of 1918. An "all-star" cast was selected and the little band of loyal actors and actresses toured from May 13th, 1918, to June 1st, 1918, giving twenty-three performances in seventeen cities. They raised a total of \$683,248 for the Red Cross.

The fifteen "stars" gave their services entirely free of charge and paid their own personal expenses.

It was the greatest thing ever done for the greatest of charities by the members of the great Theatrical Profession.

The following is a copy of the programme :

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

(By arrangement with Klaw & Erlanger, Cohan &
Harris and George C. Tyler)

Presents

OUT THERE

A Dramatic Composition in Three Acts

By J. Hartley Manners

Author of "The Harp of Life" and "Happiness"

Produced under the personal direction of the
Author.

PROGRAMME

Part One

Inspiration

A room in a lodging-house during the Autumn of
1915

"'AUNTED" ANNIE *Miss Laurette Taylor*
"PRINCESS" LIZZIE *Miss Helen Ware*
"OLD VELVET" *Miss Beryl Mercer*
'ERB *Mr. H. B. Warner*
MONTE *Mr. James T. Powers*
DR. HANWELL *Mr. George Arliss*

Part Two

Devotion

The "Orange-Walk"

THE SURGEON	<i>Mr. George Arliss</i>
THE IRISHMAN	<i>Mr. Chauncey Olcott</i>
THE COCKNEY	<i>Mr. O. P. Heggie</i>
THE CANADIAN	<i>Mr. James K. Hackett</i>
THE SCOTCHMAN	<i>Mr. George MacFarlane</i>
THE AMERICAN	<i>Mr. George M. Cohan</i>
GABRIELLE	<i>Miss Julia Arthur</i>
THE HELP	<i>Miss Laurette Taylor</i>
A few words from Mr. Burr McIntosh	

Part Three

Revelation

Division 1: MRS. HUDD'S ROOMS

MRS. HUDD	<i>Miss Beryl Mercer</i>
MISS ELIZABETH HUDD	<i>Miss Helen Ware</i>
HERBERT HUDD	<i>Mr. H. B. Warner</i>
MR. MONTAGUE MARSH	<i>Mr. James T. Powers</i>

Division 2: A Public Place

THE NURSE	<i>Miss Laurette Taylor</i>
Mrs. Fiske	

will deliver a Red Cross appeal written expressly for these gala performances by President Wilson and following this Mme. Eleanora de Cisneros will sing.

Executive Staff

Acting Managers—

Walton Bradford and Horace C. Judge

Managers in Advance—

W. H. Wright and William Gorman

General Press Representative..... John P. Toohey

Stage Manager William Seymour

Musical Director John Harding

Director of Transportation..... A. J. Simmons

Master of Properties..... Edwin Wakefield

Chief Electrician Tony Greshoff

Burr McIntosh sold a programme autographed by the company at the end of the second act in each city.

Auction sales were conducted by De Wolf Hopper for seats before the arrival of the company.

These sales realized the sum of \$164,437.

At the conclusion of the tour a daily history of the happenings was written by Laurette Taylor and published by the George H. Doran Co., under the title of "The Greatest of These."

The following is a list of the gross takings in each town:

May 13, 1918—Washington.....	\$17,146
May 14—Baltimore	28,652
May 15 (matinee)—Wilmington	11,999
May 15 (evening)—Philadelphia	23,074
May 16—Brooklyn	22,334
May 17-18 (3 performances)—New York..	57,461
May 20—Providence	18,960
May 21—Boston	62,109
May 22—New Haven	31,091
May 23—Buffalo	38,073
May 24-25 (3 performances)—Chicago	78,075
May 27—St. Louis	32,282
May 28—Louisville	31,455
May 29—Cincinnati	48,803
May 30 (2 performances)—Columbus.....	21,225
May 31—Cleveland	24,167
June 1 (matinee)—Pittsburgh	6,126
(evening)— "	129,258

On the occasion of the last performance of the tour in Pittsburgh Burr McIntosh succeeded in obtaining the highest price ever paid for a programme—\$20,500—and the total receipts (including \$100,538 for premiums) made the greatest known at that time, and, we believe, for all time for a single charity performance, viz., \$129,259.

We take pleasure in presenting a play with so remarkable a history to the reading and acting public.
Samuel French.

DEDICATION

To the wounded men in Cliveden Hospital in 1915, whose valour in fighting, courage in suffering, and spiritual exaltation, the outcome of their struggle against barbarity, will always be a cherished memory.

Wherever they go they carry with them my heartfelt wishes, my abiding admiration, and my deep and lasting affection.

THE AUTHOR.

January, 1918.

FOREWORD

My object in preparing this dramatic composition was to endeavour to portray something of the feeling in England during the first year of the war. To show the spirit of patriotism beating through the poorest of homes: the courage and endurance of the men who went to fight for civilization: and the heroism that endures grievous hurt without a murmur.

It is in no small measure to the fervour and whole-souledness of thousands of "*'Aunted Annies*" that we owe the splendid citizen army of three and a half millions raised in the British Empire by voluntary enlistment. Surely an achievement that will "blaze a trail" down through the ages!

It is to the "*'Aunted Annies*" no less that we owe the amazing output of the great munition factories all over the United Kingdom. It is to the white-heat of patriotic zeal that in three years from her entrance into the war England had outstripped the forty years of preparation made by her unscrupulous and brutal foe.

All honour to the "*Annies*" of England and her sisters among the Allies!

In the second part I have tried to show the fortitude under adversity and the resolute indifference to suffering so frequently witnessed by my wife and me in an English hospital in 1915. Every man in that "part" is drawn from life. Their spirit was unforgettable: their exaltation superb; their desire to see the war through to a victorious end inspiring.

I would like here to express my deep sense of gratitude for the encouraging and generous manner in which the play was received in New York. Such appreciation lightens the burden and makes easier the road of the chronicler of world events as he sees them by the writer for the theatre.

To Laurette Taylor and her loyal associates I owe a lasting debt of gratitude for breathing life and soul into the characters, and so making the "composition" possible.

Produced at the Globe Theatre, New York, March 27th, 1917, it was temporarily withdrawn of June 2nd, and revived on September 24th, 1917, at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

So much had occurred during the summer months in the way of active opposition to the war policy of President Wilson by obstructing the draft law: incendiary fires in various parts of the country: strikes in mines: street-corner agitators: ravings of "conscientious objectors" and pacifists that I thought it advisable to change the whole tenor of "*Annie's*" speech in Trafalgar Square. It was no longer a question of recruiting: conscription had been passed. It became a duty to expose the danger of such methods of retarding the Administration in its great work. Consequently, on September 24th, in place of the recruiting appeal the following speech was spoken by Laurette Taylor from the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square:—

It's funny, me standin' up 'ere tryin' t' maike speeches t' you. Y' know I ain't got much of a vocabyerlerry, but I've faand it ain't alwa's the biggest words as maikes big things clear. Arter all, y' tells 'ow y'r feller loves y' by the w'y 'e looks at y'—not by w'at 'e says. An' y' know a frien's a frien'—not by w'at's *said*, but by the hatmosphere thet's maide w'en y' both come t'gether. So I want y' t' see in

me eyes a great love f'r me own kind as I speak. An' I want y' t' feel a hatmosphere o' frien's-like, no matter w'at I say—an' I got t' speak rough t'-night, 'cause I'm addressin' my remarks t' thick-skinned people—them there conshihenshus hobjectors.

I ain' f'r war, I'm f'r peace. But once y'r country's in it, I don't see w'at y're goin' t' do but *'elp*. D' you?

O' corse we've got conscripshun, but I want t' talk t' them conshihenshus hobjectors an' pacissyfists as says they don' b'lieve in war. W'at do it matter if they *don'* b'lieve in war? Bli' me, *'oo does?* *Aatside o' the 'Uns!*

Don' b'lieve in it! 'Ere it is! Y' carn' tell Gawd y' don' b'lieve in *Death* an' expec' t' live f'r hever jus' because y' said it. Y' know, the 'ole world carn' be wrong abaat the 'Un. Look at America! Wasn' *she* tolerant? Germany said, "*She* won' come in. She's too busy caantin' 'er money." But Hamerica 'as come in,—with both 'an's,—*an'* both feet,—*and* hairaplanes. Do you know w'at a Hamerican general said abaat hairaplanes? 'E said as a fleet o' hairaplanes was the proper brood o' the Hamerican eagle. An' I 'opes as 'ow the heagle-ll prove a rabbit at it!

Pacissyfists! Conshihenshus hobjectors! W'at kind o' fellers are they? Just as we're lickin' the henemy, an' lickin' 'im good, they stands up an' says, "'Ere! W'at 're y' doin'?" *I want peace!*" Well, so do *Hi!* So do we all! But ye don't want no 'alf-peace, an' then 'ave t' go through it all over again as soon as the henemy's 'ad time t' git 'is bloomin' hefficiency workin', do we? This 'as got t' be the hend o' war, an' t' maike it so we got t' beat the fellers as *thinks* nothin', *does* nothin', and *schemes* nothin' but war. I tell y', boys, them fellers 'as got t' be licked, an' licked good, until the very word "War" maikes 'em sick to 'ear it. We don' want pacissyfists

t'd'y. We want *fighters*. W'en they've done their job, an' the henemy's knocked right aat, w'y, we'll all be 'appy pacissyfists t'gether. But, first of all, they've got t' prove to us thet the word "Pacissyfist" ain't a kemmerflarge f'r "I'm *afraid* t' fight."

I know a funny story abaat one o' these 'ere pacissyfists. A soljer in uniform goes up to 'im one d'y an' says, "'Ere! W'y ain't you in the harmy?" "'Cos I don' b'lieve in war," says the pacissyfist. "Oh, don't y'?" says the soljer. "If the henemy caime over 'ere, d' y' mean t' s'y y' wouldn' defend y'r country?" "No, I wouldn't," says the pacissyfist, "I don' b'lieve in fightin'." "Well, bli' me!" says the soljer, "if some of 'em caime right inter y'r 'ome an' took it, d' y' mean t' say y' wouldn' fight t' keep w'at belonged t' y'?" "No," said the pacissyfist, "I don' b'lieve in fightin'." "An' if a man was to 'it y' on the nose, wouldn't y' 'it back?" "Cert'nly not," says the man o' peace. "It wouldn' be Christian-like." "Well, so 'elp me!" says the soljer. "You're the bloke the 'Uns is lookin' for. An' before they gits at y', bli' me, I'll 'ave a cut in meself." An' with thet the soljer 'its 'im str'ight on the nose. Naa, the pacissyfist 'ad never been 'it before, an' w'en 'e felt the paine an' taisted the blood a-runnin' into 'is maath, w'y, 'e couldn' stand it. 'E ups an' 'its the soljer on the jawr. An' then, w'at oh! They went at it tooth-an'-nail, a-knockin' of each other daan till their eyes was blacked an' their faices all cut abaat.

Suddenly the soljer stopped an' 'eld aat 'is 'and. "Look 'ere!" 'e says. "You're no bloomin' *pacissyfist*. You're a *fighter*, you are!"

It was too bad 'e 'ad t' be 'it before 'e knoo w'at 'e was. Thet kind *will* fight if the 'Un ever gits over 'ere, but w'at an 'opeless fight it'll be then. The *other* kind—the kind as burns the country's crops, an' 'olds back the Gover'ment by strikes an' sich-like—an' won't 'elp the boys w'at's gorn aat—they

ain't pacissyfist or conshihenshus hobjectors. *They're* hactive henemies, so 'elp me!

They're a funny lot—pacissyfists! An' such reasons as they give! There's the pacissyfist as refuses t' fight because 'e's a Christian. To 'im I say, "'Aven't Christians 'ad t' fight f'r their religion ever since 'e caime daan to earth?" An' how d' y' suppose 'e feels w'en the henemy destroys the plaices w're Christians worship 'im? Destroy 'em, not by haccident, but deliberately, so as their henemies shan't find no peace an' comfort even there! An' our Lord, 'isself, wasn't above showin' 'is raige wiv the money-changers in the Temple.

An' look at the Kaiser! The Kaiser says, "Me an' Gawd." I say to all Christians, "Put a gun on y'r shoulder, an' go an' teach thet man t' be respec'ful."

But of all the diff'rent kinds o' pacissyfists the *Hirish* pacissyfist is the funniest. Himageine a *Hirish* pacissyfist! It don' seem nachral, do it? An' it *ain't* nachral. There's thaasan's o' Hirishmen aat there a-fightin' f'r the Allies, an' thaasan's of 'em 'as won Victoria Crorses and medals. An' *they* all believ', like a Hirishman 'ose loyalty 'as never been doubted, an' 'oo put it better'n I can. 'E said, "I want the freedom of Hireland. I want it more 'n anything, 'ere or 'ereafter. *But*, I wouldn' see the freedom of Hireland purchased wiv the freedom of Belgium!"

So come along, pacissyfists an' conshihenshus hobjectors! Be reasonable! Y' know, you're silly talkin' peace wiv the 'Un insultin' y' all 'e knows 'ow. It's no use goin' t' meet the henemy wiv Peace an' Goodwill in y'r 'an's. 'Ave Peace an' Goodwill in y'r 'earts, but be sure y'r 'an's is full o' s'rapnel. Give 'im the on'y sort o' fightin' 'e understan's. Put a gun on y'r shoulder an' advarnce singin' the song all the boys sing:

“We licked you at the Marne,
An’ we beat you on the Aisne.
We gaive you ’ell at Neuve Chapelle,
An’ ’ere we are, yes, ’ere we are again.”

The crowd join in, stretching out their hands to *Annie*.

I now leave the “composition” in the reader’s hands in the hope that, though shorn of the genius of Laurette Taylor and her splendid company, it will still convey some little idea of England in the first year of the war ; carry some message from a unified Empire ; and leave the inspiration of daring to do so that civilization may endure.

THE AUTHOR.

New York.
January, 1918.

CONTENTS

INSPIRATION	25
DEVOTION	61
REVELATION	103

Produced at the
Globe Theatre, New York City,
on Tuesday, March 27th, 1917, with the following
cast:

PART I

INSPIRATION

A room in a lodging house during the autumn of
1915

"'AUNTED ANNIE" *Miss Laurette Taylor*
"PRINCESS" LIZZIE *Miss Lynn Fontanne*
"OLD VELVET" *Miss Daisy Belmore*
'ERB *Mr. Lewis Edgard*
MONTE *Mr. Colin Campbell*
DR. HANWELL *Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper*

PART II

DEVOTION

The "Orange Walk"

THE SURGEON *Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper*
THE IRISHMAN *Mr. J. M. Kerrigan*
THE COCKNEY *Mr. Leonard Mudie*
THE CANADIAN *Mr. Hubert Druce*
THE SCOTCHMAN *Mr. Douglas Ross*
THE NEW ZEALANDER *Mr. A. E. Sproston*
GRIFFIN *Mr. James Archer*
TERENCE *Mr. Henry Oxenford*
A NEWCOMER *Mr. George Kemble*

OUT THERE

ANOTHER NEWCOMER *Mr. Philip Newman*
 GABRIELLE *Miss Catherine Proctor*
 THE HELP *Miss Laurette Taylor*

PART III

REVELATION

Division One—MRS. HUDD'S *Rooms*

MRS. HUDD *Miss Daisy Belmore*
 MISS ELIZABETH HUDD *Miss Lynn Fontanne*
 PRIVATE HERBERT HUDD *Mr. Lewis Edgard*
 MR. MONTAGUE MARSH *Mr. Colin Campbell*

Division Two—A Public Place

THE NURSE *Miss Laurette Taylor*

PART I
INSPIRATION

A ROOM IN A LODGING-HOUSE DURING THE AUTUMN
OF 1915

"'AUNTED" ANNIE
"PRINCESS" LIZZIE
"OLD VELVET"
'ERB
MONTE
DOCTOR HANWELL

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE
FUNDAMENTALS OF
THE CITY OF BOSTON
TO THE
PRESENT
STATE OF THE CITY
OF BOSTON

INSPIRATION

A shabby living-room in a poor lodging-house. A few wooden chairs; a much-used deal table; some cuttings new and old, from illustrated papers, pasted on the walls; a battered chest of drawers R., a makeshift couch, L.C.; a dresser with cups, saucers, plates, etc., and a little cracked hand-mirror, L.; a threadbare carpet; and a cheaply framed photograph of a soldier in uniform, thirty-five years old, taken 1899, on wall L. over door. The room is on the street level, and has three doors, one leading by the passage to the street, the others on each side of the room. Street door at end of passage. There is a window each side of C. door. These are both open. It is a little before sunset on an autumn evening. In from the street come the sounds of a barrel-organ, in the near distance, playing music-hall songs in vogue during 1915, varied by an occasional ballad of an earlier day. A plaintive voice in the far distance cries in high register, "Fine large shrimps! Fine large shrimps!" as he slowly moves along. Coming from the opposite direction, and passing on more rapidly to the accompaniment of a loud-sounding bell, a high-pitched voice calls defiantly, "Muffins! Muffins!" When he has passed a hoarse voice woos the neighbours with "'Taters, all 'ot! All 'ot 'taters!" The Muffin Man can still be heard in the distance.

MONTE passes the window R. and goes to the front door. The bell in the room just below door L.

rings. There is no response. It rings the second time, and no one answers. As it rings the third time a tall, slim, flashily-dressed girl of nineteen comes irritably out of an inner room, opens the door into the passage, goes out, and opens the street door as far as the chain will allow. Her boots creak noisily as she walks. Standing on the doorstep is a little, active, good-natured-looking young working-man of twenty-three. He is in his "best" black clothes, has a clean collar, black tie, and a straw hat with a black band around it.

LIZZIE. 'Ooo is it?

MONTE. Monte.

LIZZIE. Oh, Gawd! *(She releases the door and holds it open.)* 'Ello, Monte!

MONTE. 'Ello, Princess!

LIZZIE. Can't come in. Ma's out.

MONTE. Oh, is she? *(He turns sideways and edges in.)*

LIZZIE. Yaas. I've got to be chappyroneed with you.

MONTE. *(Edging his way into the passage)* Ain't 'Erb in? *(Closes front door.)*

LIZZIE. No. Nor Annie. I'm all alone.

MONTE. *(Grinning)* Go on! Are ye?

LIZZIE. Yaas. So clear out!

MONTE. *(Grins, pushes past her through the passage, and turns at the door of the room.)* Can't I come in so far?

LIZZIE. *(Getting between him and the room; defiantly)* I tell ye I'm on me lonesome. So get out! *(With a gesture as if throwing out something undesirable.)*

MONTE. *(Creeping in a little further)* This won't 'urt, will it? *(He closes inner door.)*

LIZZIE. 'Ere. Wot yer doin' of? You ain't 'arf cheeky!

MONTE. I got a new job, Princess.

LIZZIE. (*Indifferently*) That so?

MONTE. Yaas. Start Monday.

LIZZIE. Wot as? A mourner?

MONTE. Naa, makin' guns.

LIZZIE. (*Laughs derisively*) Ha! That's funny!

MONTE. Wot is?

LIZZIE. You makin' guns.

MONTE. Wot's funny abaat it?

LIZZIE. (*Laughing sneeringly*) My! Pipe the gun-maker! Little six-penn'orth-of-'a'pence.

MONTE. (*Drawing himself up to his full five feet*) Naa, look 'ere. Tha's no wye t' talk.

LIZZIE. Oh! "Chise me, gals! I'm makin' guns! I'm makin' guns."

MONTE. Yer think I can't? Eh? Come daan and watch me.

LIZZIE. No, old dear. I goes t' the theaytre w'en I wants t' laugh.

MONTE. Take care, Princess Lizzie! Don' pl'y with me.

LIZZIE. Go an' pl'y by y'rself.

MONTE. 'Cos I come raand t' see y'r ma.

LIZZIE. O? W'at abaat?

MONTE. 'Er daughter.

LIZZIE. Wot? Annie?

MONTE. Naa, *you*!

LIZZIE. Oh! Is that so?

MONTE. Yaas.

LIZZIE. W'at abaat me?

MONTE. (*Nervously*) Y' see, Monday I got t' go t' Woolwich. T' the Arsenal.

LIZZIE. Oh! Oh! (*Laughs. Sings*)

"I'm workin' at the Arsenal.

The Arsenal! The Arsenal!"

MONTE. Are yer finished?

LIZZIE. O', *you!*

MONTE. An' I want t' know if y'r ma 'ould let y' come along too.

LIZZIE. *Ma* let me? *Let* me! W'at's ma got t' do with w'ere I go?

MONTE. Well, yer see, yer brother 'Erb spoke to me abaat you the other day, so I want t' be'ave like a gen'leman.

LIZZIE. That 'ould take a bit o' doin'. Wouldn't it?

MONTE. 'Ow abaat it, Princess? Are *you* willin' if y'r ma is?

LIZZIE. T' go t' Woolwich? W'at d'y' take me for?

MONTE. I'll tike y' f'r anythin', Princess.

LIZZIE. (*Scornfully*) Is *that* so?

MONTE. Yaas, Liz.

LIZZIE. 'Ere! Not s' much of the "*Liz*"!

MONTE. We bin walkin' aat!

LIZZIE. W'at of it?

MONTE. Y' don't like no one better?

LIZZIE. 'Ooo sez I don't?

MONTE. Do y'?

LIZZIE. W'at if I *do*?

MONTE. Gaan! (*Coaxingly*) No, y' don't! (*Getting a little nearer.*) Y' got t' get tied up sometime.

LIZZIE. Oh, naow I ain't. I 'aven't 'ad my *fling* yet.

MONTE. W'at fling?

LIZZIE. Oh, there's lots I want t' do afore I *chucks* meself awye.

MONTE. Chucks y'rself? Is *that* 'ow y' feel abaat it?

LIZZIE. Wi' you? Yaas. You're a gal's last 'ope.

MONTE. Oh, indeed? Is *that* 'ow y' feels abaat *me*?

LIZZIE. Yaas. It is.

MONTE. (*Bitterly*) Y' may be sorry f'r them words if I tikes y' up on 'em.

LIZZIE. Well, tike me up on 'em! I ain't seen 'alf nor done 'alf I wants t'. No dish-washin' an' babies an' gin f'r me—*yet!* I m'y come to it. Y' never know y'r luck! Then I'll drop y' a post-card.

MONTE. That's a nice w'y t' talk o' marriage! Wonder y' ain't ashamed! Dish-washin', babies, an' gin! My word!

LIZZIE. That's w'at it's bin f'r ma. *She washes th' dishes—w'at's left of 'em. She 'ad three of us, an' she's aout on a gin-crawl naow. Not f'r me. Tike a walk, young man, tike a walk.*

MONTE. This m'y be the last time I'll arst y'.

LIZZIE. I 'ope it is.

MONTE. There's lots o' gals in Woolwich.

LIZZIE. (*Indifferently*) I dess'y.

MONTE. (*Changing his tone; goes over to her coaxingly again*) We've had some nice times.

LIZZIE. 'Ave we?

MONTE. Ain't we?

LIZZIE. *Some might call 'em sich.*

MONTE. (*Touches her*) W'at's the matter, Liz?

LIZZIE. (*Shaking herself free*) Aow, let me alone, cawn't y'?

MONTE. They'll p'y me good money in Woolwich.

LIZZIE. Treat the Woolwich gals with it, then.

MONTE. (*Despondently*) Then it's no use waitin' t' see y'r ma?

LIZZIE. Naow, it ain't. Don't suppose she'll be able t' talk t' y' w'en she comes—poor ol' "Gin-an'-water"! So 'op it.

MONTE. Ain't we goin' t' walk out no more?

LIZZIE. Not knowin', cawn't s'y—not hinterested, don't care! (*MONTE stands disconsolately and gives a deep sigh. LIZZIE laughing*) You're a rum little blighter!

MONTE. (*Bitterly*) Rum, am I?

LIZZIE. (*With a sudden burst*) Look 'ere, it's no use talkin' t' me abaat marriage. I ain't that sort. I don't want t' be tied up to a couple o' rooms an' a biby every year. I seen too much of it. I got 'igher ideas n'r that.

MONTE. Oh, Liz——

LIZZIE. I earns me w'y, an' I does as I likes. They don't call me "Princess" at the factory f'r nothin'. (*Wets her finger and sticks the curl down on her forehead.*) I'm goin' t' do as I likes as long as I likes. W'en I'm sick of it come raan again if y' don' find a gal in Woolwich.

MONTE. All right, Princess. An' y're well nimed. Y're waitin' for a bloomin' dook, ain't y'?

LIZZIE. W'at if I am? (*Sings.*)
"Oh, 'e'll tike me t' ride in 'is bruffam, 'is bruffam,
A swell I'll be of the d'y."
Good-bye, Monte!

MONTE. An' t' think I loved y' once!

LIZZIE. Don' let it keep y' awike. There's others. W'at abaat me sister, Annie?

MONTE. Annie! (*Opens door, quickly goes out, then puts his head round door.*) Goo'-bye, Eliza-beth! (*Closes door.*)

LIZZIE. Tata! Ferdinand!

(MONTE goes out through front door.)

LIZZIE. (*Goes to window and calls to him*) Monte, bring us a cannon from Woolwich, t' wear nex' me 'eart. (*Laughs and sings.*)

"I'm goin' t' work in the Arsenal!
The Arsenal! The Arsenal!"

(*Moves away from the window, thinks frowningly for a minute, gives a toss of the head. Picks up*



Courtesy of White Studio

"'AUNTED" ANNIE

hand mirror, looks at herself for a moment, and goes back to the inner room.

(In the far distance the criers call their wares. A shrill, cheery vendor chirps, "Fine kipper! Nice kipper! Sweet kipper! Pick 'em out where ye like! Smell 'em, lidy! Sweet-scented, lovely kipper! Fresh from the water! Fine kipper! Sweet kipper! Lovely kipper! Where ye like! Pick 'em out!") Very faintly can be heard the barrel-organ. The outer door is opened by a latch-key, and then the inner door opens, and a young, thin, pale, wide-eyed girl, very quietly dressed, comes in wearily. She goes to dresser and gets hammer and some tacks, and tacks on the door a recruiting poster she has brought in with her. It is one of the famous recruiting posters used in England during 1915. It represents the head of a smiling English soldier. Above him the words, "Enlist to-day." Beneath him, "He's Happy and Satisfied. Are You?" She looks around the room, takes off her hat and coat, puts them down on the chest of drawers, takes out a key, opens a drawer with it, takes out of the drawer some needlework, sits beside the window so as to get the light, and begins to sew feverishly. After a few moments LIZZIE looks in.)

LIZZIE. I thought I 'eard the door go.

ANNIE. Y're 'ome early?

LIZZIE. W'at of it?

ANNIE. Nothin'.

LIZZIE. Goin' t' the theaytre.

ANNIE. Are ye?

LIZZIE. Yaas.

ANNIE. With Monte?

LIZZIE. (Disdainfully) Monte! Naow! Little shrimp!

ANNIE. Oh, Liz!

LIZZIE. 'E was all right w'ile it lasted. Got a *noo* feller now.

ANNIE. Oh?

LIZZIE. Yaas. He travels for a doll factory.

ANNIE. W'ere did y' meet 'im?

LIZZIE. One o' the gals.

ANNIE. I liked Monte.

LIZZIE. *You would.* Well, y' can 'ave 'im.

ANNIE. (*Just looks at her. Goes on sewing*)
Mother in?

LIZZIE. Naow. Aat doin' the rounds.

ANNIE. She oughtn't t' be out so much, an' she like she is.

LIZZIE. (*Taking a bottle off the dresser, shaking it and holding it up.*) That's w'y! All 'er "velvet's" gone. Makes me sick! I want t' git aat o' this—travel abaat. My feller does, all the time. Up an' daan the country. That's *livin'*, that is. 'Stead o' stickin' abaat. Ma makes me sick. Ol' soak!

ANNIE. It's all the comfort she's got. Don' grudge it.

LIZZIE. (*Looking at ANNIE, disgustedly*) I do grudge it. Nice plice t' come 'ome to! *You an' mother!* One alwa's sewin', an' the other alwa's *swillin'*. (*Sings as she sits on the table dangling her feet*)

"I wants a tiddley, a tiddley-iddley-iddley.

I wants a tiddley naow an' then."

W'at are y' sewin'?

ANNIE. Rags.

LIZZIE. (*Laughs contemptuously*) Yaas! All you'll ever 'ave! Sittin' around doin' nothin'—sewin'! W'y don't y' go aat an' git work?

ANNIE. I've bin 'most every d'y. Cawn't git nothin' just naow.

LIZZIE. No wonder! With a fice like that! Gives me the fair 'ump t' look at y'. Y're "'Aunted An-

nie," an' no mistake. W'at's come over y'? Y' used t' laugh once.

ANNIE. I don' feel like laughin' jus' naow.

LIZZIE. W'y? 'Cos y'r feller's gone?

ANNIE. No. I'm glad o' that.

LIZZIE. Oh, are yer? *You an' Ma! Gi' me the pip! (Goes over and stands looking down at ANNIE.)* F'r Gawd's sake w'at is that there ye're workin' at? *(Tries to snatch it.)*

ANNIE. *(Rolls it up, stands up, and faces her)* Never you mind!

LIZZIE. W'y won't y' show it?

ANNIE. 'Cos I won't 'ave y' laughin' at me. That's w'y! Y' alwa's laugh at everything I do.

LIZZIE. W'y shouldn't I? Ain't ye my sister? 'Oo are you—not t' be laughed at?

ANNIE. Y'r not goin' t' laugh at *this*.

LIZZIE. Oh, ain't I?

ANNIE. No. You ain't.

LIZZIE. Le' me see. *(She tries to snatch it.)*

ANNIE. *(Warningly)* You keep y'r 'ands off!

LIZZIE. Is it y'r bloomin' trousseau, eh? Give it me! *(She seizes it. They struggle for it.)*

ANNIE. *(Frantically)* Le' go! Le' go!

(LIZZIE gives it a twist.)

ANNIE. Don't y' tear it!

(LIZZIE gives it another twist.)

ANNIE. *(Begins to cry)* Please don't tear it!

(LIZZIE nearly pulls it from her.)

ANNIE. *(Fiercely)* If y' tear it I'll kill y', so I will! *(Beats at her furiously until she completely cows her. Then pushes her away, glaring ferociously)*

at her.) I'm sorry if I 'urt yer. You keep away from *this*—and from *me*—or you'll be sorry.

LIZZIE. (*Snivelling. Thoroughly frightened.*) I didn' mean nothin'! (*Backing away to a safe distance.*)

ANNIE. I've 'ad enough of y'r gibes an' sneers. You let me alone!

LIZZIE. (*Recovering herself a little*) I s'y! W'at a temper! (*Rubbing her shoulder where ANNIE struck her.*) An' ain't we strong? Y' ought t' be a bruiser like 'Erb. That's w'at you ought t' be. A bloomin' fighter!

ANNIE. (*Smoothing out the work they had just fought over*) I'd like t' be a fighter. If I was 'Erb I *would* be.

LIZZIE. Oh! Is that so?

ANNIE. Yaas. That's so! If I was 'Erb, I wouldn' be loafin' round 'ere. I'd go out and fight proper. (*Goes to drawer, puts the work in, locks the drawer and puts the key in her pocket.*)

(*The door swings open, and a young, active man, about twenty-four, strongly built, wearing a light tweed suit a good deal the worse for wear, a woollen muffler, and a cricket cap on the back of his head, stands in the doorway. His right eye is slightly discoloured.*)

LIZZIE. 'Ere 'e is. Nah tell 'im w'at y' said.

'ERB. Tell me w'at?

LIZZIE. She says you ought t' be fightin'. Didn't y' now?

ANNIE. Yes, I did. An' 'e knows 'e ought t' be.

'ERB. I 'ave bin. Pipe the lamp? (*Touches his eye.*)

LIZZIE. Oh, I s'y! Oh! Look at 'is eye!

'ERB. Never mind about *my* eye. Y' should 'a' seen 'is. Both on 'em!

LIZZIE. Did y' win?

'ERB. Yaas. Knocked 'im stone cold in the fi'th raound. (*Takes out some coins.*) See? Money t' spend!

LIZZIE. (*Tries to snatch it. Admiringly*) My! You ain't 'alf all right!

'ERB. (*Takes out a small flask*) For ma!

LIZZIE. Oh, "Velvet"? (*Takes flask from him.*)

'ERB. Yaas. Keep 'er goin' f'r a bit! (*LIZZIE places flask in dresser.*) An' s'y! (*Pulls out a paper package.*) Chuk that under y'r chin. (*Throws it at her.*)

LIZZIE. (*Catches it, unwraps it, and produces a bright red ribbon.*) Much obliged, I'm sure, 'Erb. I'll wear it at the theaytre tonight. (*Ties it, and looks at herself in the cracked hand-mirror.*)

'ERB. Saw it in a winder. Thought it 'ould be y'r fancy. (*Looks at ANNIE.*) I ain't brought you nothin'.

ANNIE. All right, 'Erb.

'ERB. W'at was y' s'ying abaat me?

LIZZIE. She was s'ying if she was you she'd be fightin'.

'ERB. Oh, *did* ye?

ANNIE. Yaas. I did. An' I would be, too.

'ERB. You shut yer trap abaat me.

ANNIE. Wouldn't it be better t' be fightin' a lot o' brutes f'r y'r country than 'ittin' one o' y'r own kind f'r a few shillin's?

'ERB. That's *my* business. *See?* An' y' can take it from me *now*, I'm not goin'. *See?*

ANNIE. Yes, y' will. You'll go. By-and-bye.

'ERB. If they want me let 'em come an' fetch me.

ANNIE. They want y', all right. And lots more, too. An' they'll fetch y' w'en the time comes. But I don' want y' t' go becos y've bin *fetch*ed. I want y' t' go becos y've got the call in y'r *mind*. Becos,

'Erb, y' are needed. Y' know they need y'. (*She looks straight at him.*)

'ERB. (*Shrugs his shoulders and turns away from her. Points to the picture of the soldier on the wall.*) Father was needed, wasn't he?

ANNIE. An' 'e went.

'ERB. Yaas, an' got killed. An' w'at did a griteful country do f'r 'is wife an' kids? Eh? Answer me that!

ANNIE. We've got along, 'Erb.

'ERB. Yaas, an' they can git along without me, same as we 'ave without them. 'Ow old was 'e w'en 'e went? Thirty-five! That's w'at 'e was. Prime o' life! Cut orf by a Boer bullit, an' buried Gawd knows w'ere. None o' that f'r me! Me life's me own. See? I wan it. Let them as likes go. Not me!

ANNIE. I don't like t' 'ear y' talk like that. Y'r life belongs t' the country y' was born in, 'Erb.

'ERB. Naow, you leave off naggin'! See? 'Cos I ain't goin'. It's all very fine for a parcel o' women t' be shaatin', "Go! Go! Go!" W'at are you doin', eh?

ANNIE. I'd do my bit if they'd let me.

'ERB. (*Turns his head and looks at her for a second*) A fat lot you'd do!

ANNIE. I would. (*With a sudden thought.*) If I did go, would y' go?

'ERB. You! (*Laughs.*) Ho! Bli' me! She'd run away from a pop-gun.

ANNIE. No, I wouldn't. If I did go, would y' go?

'ERB. Naow, look 'ere, y' nagged the feller y' was walkin' aat with inta goin', but y' ain't goin' to me.

ANNIE. I didn' nag Dick.

'ERB. Yaas, y' did. Y' was alwa's at 'im.

ANNIE. I'm sorry y' think that. 'E didn' need

any naggin'. We jus' talked it over, quiet-like, an' nex' day 'e 'listed. (*Pause.*) If I did go, would you go? If I could git aat there, somehow—(*Leaning over him*)—would y' go? (*She touches his shoulder.*)

'ERB. Oh, shut up!

LIZZIE. 'Oo's goin' t' tike care o' ma an' me if 'Erb went, I'd like t' know?

ANNIE. You're in a good job. Mother's got 'er bit o' pension.

LIZZIE. Pension! My word! 'Ardly keeps 'er in gin! You let 'Erb alone! There's plenty of others.

ANNIE. (*Earnestly to 'ERB, her eyes distended. She kneels with one knee on couch.*) If I did go, would y' go?

'ERB. (*Uneasily, draws back, looking at ANNIE*) 'Ark at 'er! (*Turns to LIZZIE.*) She do look 'aunted, don' she? (*Turns again to ANNIE.*)

LIZZIE. Daft, I calls 'er. (*They are both looking at ANNIE.*)

ANNIE. I am 'aunted, 'Erb. I think it must be becos father went that w'y. 'E 'ad the call an' 'e answered it, an' I'm sure 'e's 'appier becos 'e did. It don' seem fair to them aat there t' be 'olding back. If I did go, 'Erb—would you go?

'ERB. You go aat there, an' I'll——

ANNIE. Y'll go?

'ERB. I'll see abaat it. (*He rises without taking his eyes off ANNIE, and backs away to LIZZIE for protection. Takes her hand.*)

(*There is a knock at the outer door. There is a pause; no one moves. The silence is broken by a second knock. ANNIE goes over to chest of drawers, and arranges sewing. 'ERB is just about to answer knock when he sees poster.*)

'ERB. 'Ere, 'oo put that there?

ANNIE. I did. (*Sits and starts to sew.*)

'ERB. Oh!

(*The house bell rings. 'ERB slouches over and throws the door open. DR. HANWELL, a tall, genial, polished, distinguished man of fifty-five, is standing outside.*)

DR. HANWELL. May I come in?

'ERB. Yaas, y' m'y.

DR. HANWELL. Thank ye! (*Comes in through the inner door, takes off his hat, bows to the two girls, turns around to 'ERB just as that young gentleman slams the door and slouches back, and smiles at him.*) You did very well in putting that boy out last night, my lad.

'ERB. An' w'y shouldn't I, young feller-me-lad y'rself?

DR. HANWELL. Why shouldn't you? You're a born fighter. (*There is an awkward pause. 'ERB says "O" and goes over to LIZZIE. DR. HANWELL to ANNIE*) How is your mother?

ANNIE. Better, thank ye, sir.

DR. HANWELL. Is she in?

ANNIE. No, sir. She just stepped out a little while ago. She won' be long.

LIZZIE. (*Holding up the empty bottle*) Doctor, the bottle was empty, so she went out to get some gin. (*Goes into inner room.*)

'ERB. W'y didn' she wait for me? (*Holds up the flask he brought.*) I got 'er one, and full o' "Velvet." (*He follows LIZZIE out, slamming the door.*)

DR. HANWELL. It's a pity your mother is not in. I should have liked to see her. This is my last visit.

ANNIE. (*Wide-eyed and disappointed*) Is it?

DR. HANWELL. Yes. I'm off tomorrow.

ANNIE. (*Rises*) Off? (*With a gasp*) Not to— not to— (*Breaks off, makes a gesture indicating a long way off.*)

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling*) "Somewhere in France."

ANNIE. (*Enthusiastically*) Oh! Are ye? 'Ors-pital work?

DR. HANWELL. Yes.

ANNIE. (*Yearningly*) Lots o' nurses goin', I expect?

DR. HANWELL. Yes. (*ANNIE sighs and sits again.*) I thought I'd run in and see your mother while I was down here, though she was going on very well last week.

ANNIE. She's pretty well now, sir. All the cuts are 'ealed up. 'Er 'ead troubles 'er, though. I didn' want 'er t' go aat t'd'y.

DR. HANWELL. Oh, fresh air is good for her.

ANNIE. It ain't very fresh w'ere she goes, sir.

DR. HANWELL. Where's that?

ANNIE. (*Wistfully*) The "Mother Red Cap." That's 'er favourite Public House.

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiles, shakes his head*) What a pity!

ANNIE. She meets 'er friends, y' know. Pretty lonely f'r 'er 'ere w'en we're all aw'y.

DR. HANWELL. Was she coming from the "Mother Red Cap" when she was run over?

ANNIE. Yaas, sir. (*Hurriedly*) Oh, but she was all right. She alwa's is. It was the chauffeur's fault. An' the street's that dark since the war's on. 'E might 'a' got any one, the rate 'e was goin'.

DR. HANWELL. There was no trace of liquor on her when she was brought into the hospital.

ANNIE. Oh, there never is. She carries her gin very well. Done it all 'er life. Says it kind o' preserves 'er.

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling*) Alcohol *can* preserve. It can also destroy, my girl.

ANNIE. (*Smiling sadly*) Mother's one o' the *preserved*. W'en I was workin', gettin' good money, too, I 'ad all this fitted up like a private bar, so as t' keep 'er in. Got in everythin' she wanted, an' some extry glarses f'r 'er friends. Didn't last. (*Sadly.*) D'y' know w'at I think it was? (DR. HANWELL *shakes his head.*) She missed the bright lights an' the noise, and the sawdust on the floor. No 'ome is in it with a public 'ouse once y' git the 'abit.

DR. HANWELL. I suppose not. I'm glad to hear she's going on so well.

ANNIE. (*Rises*) Won't we see yer after termor-row?

DR. HANWELL. No.

ANNIE. It's bin very kind of y' t' come round after 'er, sir. W'y 'ave y' done it?

DR. HANWELL. I happened to be in charge at the hospital when she was brought in. I like to see a case right through if I can.

ANNIE. Don't y' charge anythin' f'r it?

DR. HANWELL. No, not *this* end of the town. I get all I want out of the other end. (*Smiling.*) The West End.

ANNIE. You'll be missed round 'ere, sir.

DR. HANWELL. (*Laughs*) I'm wanted *out there*. Besides, some one will take my place. You'll not be neglected. (*His hand on door knob.*)

ANNIE. (*Suddenly and vehemently*) Oh, Doctor, Doctor! I cawn't bear t' be lef' be'ind!

DR. HANWELL. (*Astonished*) Left?

ANNIE. You're goin' t' do somethin' f'r your country. I'm 'ere doin' nothin'—nothin'!

DR. HANWELL. There will be plenty for every one to do presently. Every class will have to do its share.

ANNIE. But I don' want t' wait. (*Earnestly*)

I want t' begin naow. Take me with ye. Will ye?

DR. HANWELL. *Take* you?

ANNIE. (*Nods*) Aat there. Will ye? I want t' 'elp.

DR. HANWELL. How?

ANNIE. I want t' be a nurse.

DR. HANWELL. That's impossible.

ANNIE. W'y is it?

DR. HANWELL. You have had no training.

ANNIE. I'll learn. Learn fast, too. I'm very quick. Please take me. I'll begin at the bottom. I'll scrub floors—wash their clo'es—tear up bandages—anything jus' t' be near 'em. I want t' be close t' the fellers who're gettin' wounded f'r us.

DR. HANWELL. My good girl——

ANNIE. I've done a bit o' nursin' here, right in this room. W'en mother was all cut abaat I 'elped ter bind 'er up, didn't I? Y' said once I 'ad the right 'ands for a nurse; an' the kind o' voice: that me place was at a bedside. Was y' kiddin' me?

DR. HANWELL. No. But it's very different nursing your mother——

ANNIE. If I could do it f'r 'er, w'y couldn't I do it f'r *them*? *Do* let me go. I want to be among 'em. It's 'orrible t' sit 'ere 'elpless. D' y' know w't 'appened t' my father in Africa?

DR. HANWELL. Killed?

ANNIE. Yaas. But 'e needn't 'a' bin. 'E laid all d'y with a bullit in 'im. No one t' give 'im a drop o' water or anythin'. W'en they found 'im it was too late. I might find some one like that an' save 'em. Let me go just as a water-carrier.

DR. HANWELL. But you've had no experience.

ANNIE. W'at experience 'ave the fine lidies got 'oo are goin' aat all the time? W'at d' they know that I cawn't learn? They go f'r the excitement—an' t' get their fices in the paper. Does any one arst them w'at experience they've 'ad? 'Ow d' they git

aat? Becos they're rich an' know people. I only knows *you*. Do somethin' f'r me. I don' want no pay—jus' me keep. I'll go on till I drop. W'at can them lidies do that I cawn't? If one of 'em gits a stitch in 'er side she goes back 'ome, an' then she's an 'ero.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't say that. Some of the finest people in the country are working nobly out there. No sacrifice is too great.

ANNIE. That's it. The rich can mike sacrifices. W'y cawn't the poor? W'y cawn't I? Oh, ever since it started the thought's bin beatin' in me, d'y an' night, "Git aat there. Y've got t' git aat there!" (*Pleading*) Y' might tike a chance with me. I'd be no trouble. Cheer 'em up, too! I can sing a bit. Dance, too!

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling*) Oh?

ANNIE. Afore it all started I used t' be quite cheerful. It's only since it broke aat I'm like this. "'Aunted Annie" they calls me naow. 'Cos I'm alwa's seein' things. Aat there I'd be as 'appy as anythin'—reely I would! Make 'em laugh, I would. See if I wouldn't! (*With a little hopeless effort to smile; but her anxiety is so great she almost sobs.*) I'd keep their minds orf theirselves. I know two funny stories. D'yer ever 'ear that one abaat the feller as was standing up against a lamp-post and a hoffer comes along and says: "'Ere, young feller—me—lad, w'y ain't yer at the front? W'y ain't yer fighting for yer country? W'y don't yer enlist?" And the feller says to the hoffer, 'e says: "W'ot? Bli' me! *Me* enlist? Wiv this bloomin' war goin' 'on?"

(DR. HANWELL *laughs.*)

ANNIE. And, d'yer 'ear the one abaat the soldier in the 'orspital? 'E says to the nurse: "Wot's this

'ere on my fore'ead?" An' the nurse says: "A vinegar bandage." And 'e says: "Bli'me! Vinegar! Wot's this 'ere on my chest?" An' the nurse says: "A mustard plarster." An' 'e says: "Bli'me! Mustard! Wot's this 'ere on my feet?" An' the nurse says: "'Ot salt bag." An' 'e says: "Bli'me! Vinegar! Mustard! Salt! W'y not pour some pepper in me 'ear'-ole and make me a bloomin' cruet?"

(DR. HANWELL *laughs, and moves toward door.*)

ANNIE. Ain't they funny enough? (*With a great cry.*) Oh, Doctor, I want t' do somethin'—— (*Beating her hands helplessly. Her voice fails her. She sits on couch, covers her eyes.*) If ye'd only tike me! If y'd only do it!

DR. HANWELL. (*Puts his hand on her shoulder*) Why not get into one of the munition factories? You'd be helping there. I'm sure I could do something like that for you.

ANNIE. (*Blazing up fiercely. Forgetting her tears.*) Them as cawn't feel nothin' can do that. But I want t' be near the fellers who's fightin' f'r us. I'm not afraid o' blood. Y' know that. Mother bled. I didn' mind it. I bound 'er up. An' you standin' by. An' she used t' moan all night, an I'd soothe 'er an' mike 'er sleep. That's w'at I want t' do aat there. (*Passionately.*) Oh, cawn't y' see? I want t' git at the real 'eart of it all. I'm alwa's thinkin' of it—all d'y, an' 'alf the night. W'en I do sleep I dream of it. I'm a *real* nurse every night for a bit. An' then I wikes up t' this. (*All the time searching her brain for fresh reasons why he should take her.*) An' see! Wait a minit! I *mus'* show y'! This is 'ow much I've bin thinkin' of it! (*As she speaks she hurriedly opens the drawer and takes out the work over which she fought with her sister. She takes it over to the DOCTOR, opens it out,*

and discloses a nurse's dress, made of cheap material, and a cap. She looks up expectantly at the DOCTOR, her eyes shining, her whole manner expectant, as though they were triumphant proof of her right to go "out there.") Made 'em meself, aat o' w'at I sived. Got a cap, too. wiv a crosse on it! (*Shows cap. Pause.*) Are they—all right? (*Pause.*) Eh?

DR. HANWELL. (*Very embarrassed*) They're very charming——

ANNIE. (*Quickly*) Oh, no, they're not. Not 'alf good enough! I know that. But they're the best I could manage. They'd do at *first*—wouldn't they? (*Anxiously.*) Till I could get *real* ones?

DR. HANWELL. You couldn't wear them until you'd passed the probationary period.

ANNIE. (*Hopelessly and dejectedly*) Couldn't I?

DR. HANWELL. No. It's a uniform, the same as a soldier's. And a very honourable one.

ANNIE. I'd do nothin' t' shime it.

DR. HANWELL. I'm sure of that.

ANNIE. Cawn't y' take me? (*Almost in despair.*) Or send me? Or 'elp me t' go? Some'ow?

DR. HANWELL. I'll see what can be done.

ANNIE. (*Jumping at the chance*) Oh, Doctor——

DR. HANWELL. (*Quickly*) I can't promise anythink will come of it. You've got the right stuff, my girl! (*Smiling.*) The women behind us are going to win for us.

ANNIE. I'll win f'r y'. I mean as 'ow I'll 'elp ye ter win. Y' will try?

DR. HANWELL. Yes.

ANNIE. Soon?

DR. HANWELL. It will have to be.

ANNIE. (*Persevering*) D' y' think y' can manage it?

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling at her perseverance*) If it is possible.

ANNIE. (*Just touching his arm*) Y' don't know w'at it'd mean t' me.

DR. HANWELL. (*Picks up the cap from the table, looks at it, then at ANNIE.*) I think I do. (*Moving to door, and catching sight of poster.*) Hello!

ANNIE. (*Hurriedly*) I put that there. Would y' mind speakin' t' my brother?

DR. HANWELL. What about?

ANNIE. Abaat that. 'E ought t' be aat there.

DR. HANWELL. He certainly ought to be.

ANNIE. 'E won't go.

DR. HANWELL. Why not?

ANNIE. I dunno. Oh, it ain't becos 'e's frightened. 'E ain't afraid of no one. I think it's becos o' father lyin' there till 'e died. 'E's kind o' bitter abaat that.

DR. HANWELL. The fortune of war.

ANNIE. Yaas. Would y' mind speakin' t' him? My feller's gorn. Y' know—*Dick*. My sweet'art. Y've seen 'im 'ere.

DR. HANWELL. Oh, yes. Has he, indeed?

ANNIE. Yaas. 'E didn' want to very much, but I said I wouldn't speak to 'im ag'in if 'e didn't. So 'e went. Seemed quite 'appy, too, once 'e'd made up 'is mind. That's all it is—jus' makin' up y'r mind. Then noth'n' seems 'ard. (*Doctor laughs quietly.*) See 'ow 'appy you are t' be goin' aat! So w'd I be. It ain't enough makin' *other* people do things. The praad part is doin' 'em y'rsel.

DR. HANWELL. Quite right. You ought to be a recruiting sergeant.

ANNIE. Oh, I'd 'ate meself all me life if anythin' 'appened t' the country an' I'd done nothin'. It'd seem as though it was *my* fault. 'Course I know nothin' will. We'll win. We got to win. Bli' me! An' w'en we do, 'ow rotten it'll be f'r 'Erb and the kind that go t' the street corner w'en the fellers come back an' scream, "We won!" w'en they've done

nothin' f'r it. An' w'en they've done shoutin' they'll skulk back t' their little dark beds an' cry their eyes aat 'cos they shirked an' never took the chance they 'ad t' mike theirselves great. *Muck!* That's w'at they'll feel. Just *muck!* (*The street door slams.*)

(*The door opens, and ANNIE's mother enters, a little unsteadily. She is a dark, untidy, middle-aged woman, shabbily dressed, her bonnet somewhat askew, a large shawl wrapped around her, inside of which she is firmly holding something. She is familiarly known as "Ol' Velvet," because of her partiality to the beverage known by that nickname—gin.*)

"VELVET." (*To ANNIE*) There y' are, dearie.

ANNIE. (*Goes to her and warns her that the Doctor is in the room*) The Doctor!

"VELVET." (*When she sees the DOCTOR, she draws herself up in intoxicated dignity.*) An' the Doctor. 'Onoured, I'm sure, sir.

ANNIE. W'ere 'ave y' bin, Mother?

"VELVET." Not afore the Doctor, darlin'.

ANNIE. I told 'im.

"VELVET." Did ye? Hindeed! Most himproper of ye, I'm sure.

ANNIE. Was it the "Mother Red Cap"?

"VELVET." If y' must know, it was. An' w'at of it?

ANNIE. O', nothing! (*Takes her and tries to help her.*)

("VELVET" *very indignantly removes ANNIE's hand from her arm and walks very unsteadily to couch.*)

ANNIE. (*Seating her on couch.*) Gi'e me y'r shawl. (*Trying to take it.*)

"VELVET." No, thank ye.

ANNIE. W'y not?

"VELVET." I'm chilly, dearie. (*Beams at DOCTOR. Winks at ANNIE, indicating the DOCTOR, and also the something hidden under the shawl.*)

ANNIE. Tike orf y'r bonnit.

"VELVET." Not before the Doctor. Ain't you ashamed?

ANNIE. Well, take orf yer gloves.

"VELVET." Not before the Doctor.

ANNIE. Just one. (*She pulls off the glove by the fingers.*) Naa, the other one. (*She pulls it off.*) W'at's this? (*Touching the hidden something under the shawl.*)

"VELVET." Now, never you mind. (*Whispers*) Wait till 'e's gorn. W'at's that y're 'oldin', dearie?

ANNIE. Oh, a few things. (*To DR. HANWELL*) Can y' wait a minnit more?

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling*) Well, perhaps five.

ANNIE. Will y' speak to 'Erb?

DR. HANWELL. Very well.

"VELVET." W'at are y' w'isperin' abaat? (*ANNIE goes to door of inner room.*) Ah! (*Shakes her finger at the DOCTOR.*) Secrets, eh? You're the artful ones—you doctors! (*Coughs genteelly behind her hand and winks at him.*)

ANNIE. (*Speaking through the open door*) 'Erb!

'ERB. (*In inner room*) W'at?

ANNIE. Come in 'ere, will ye?

'ERB. W'at for?

ANNIE. Doctor wants t' talk t' y'.

'ERB. Oh, all right!

ANNIE. (*Turning away from door, looks at her mother. Crosses to the DOCTOR.*) Make 'im go. (*Passes into the other room.*)

"VELVET." (*Winks at the DOCTOR and indicates ANNIE.*) Saucy—ain't she?

DR. HANWELL. And how are you feeling today?

"VELVET." I don't know, Doctor. Got a kind o' sinkin'.

DR. HANWELL. Where?

"VELVET." All-overish.

DR. HANWELL. Take a deep breath. (*Bending down.*) Now breathe heavily outwards. (*She does. He sniffs.*) Is it—gin?

"VELVET." W'y, 'ow did y' guess? You know everythin', you doctors. It don't 'urt me. Does me 'eart good.

DR. HANWELL. Does it?

"VELVET." Oh, a lot o' good. That's w'y they calls it "*Velvet*." So sorft an' nice.

DR. HANWELL. (*Takes her wrist and looks at his watch.* "VELVET" beams at DOCTOR as he touches her wrist.) Your head's all nicely healed up?

"VELVET." Outside, sir, it's all right. But inside, sir! Oh, my word! Seems to all wobble abaat.

DR. HANWELL. Does it, indeed?

"VELVET." Yaas, sir. All jumpin'-like, down at the back.

DR. HANWELL. Ah! (*Closing the watch and releasing her wrist.*)

"VELVET." Is me pulse all right?

DR. HANWELL. Splendid! This is the last time I shall see you.

"VELVET." Oh, but I ain't *well* yet. Not really well. Besides, if I was, I likes y' comin' round. (*Looking coyly at him.*)

DR. HANWELL. You can drop in at the hospital and see Dr. Barnett. He takes my place. I'm going away.

"VELVET." Are ye, dearie?—I mean, Doctor? I beg y'r pardon, I'm sure. Careless of me. Goin' aw'y, eh? Got a better job?

DR. HANWELL. Get all the air you can. And—not quite so much "*velvet*."

"VELVET." Oh, a drop now and then keeps the

blues aw'y. An' the 'earthburn. I git that somethin' chronic.

DR. HANWELL. A glass of plain hot water would stop them both.

"VELVET." W'at I tike wouldn't 'urt a fly—reely it wouldn't, dea—Doctor.

DR. HANWELL. It's hurting *you*.

"VELVET." Ah! I see. I know. You ain' got no sympathy with the workin' clarses. Y're all alike. Want t' tike aw'y their little drop o' comfort. An' all the trouble I've 'ad! No one knows w'at we 'ave to put up with from our families.

DR. HANWELL. *You* haven't much to complain of.

"VELVET." Oh! 'Ark at 'im! W'at oh! I've slaved all me life since me pore 'usband got took orf a-bringin' of 'em up—an' w'at 'ave I got? This 'ole t' live in. Look at it! Gives me the pip t' come into it. (*With great dignity.*) I come of carriage-folk in me own right, I do.

DR. HANWELL. Oh!

"VELVET." An' me 'usband 'ad estates, if they 'adn't took 'em from 'im. You know, under-'and-like. Ever 'ear o' the 'Udds of 'Uddersfield?

DR. HANWELL. No.

VELVET. Well, that's 'im. (*Bitterly.*) My fem'ly! It's like pullin' teeth gettin' a shillin' aat o' them. That's w'at children are tod'y. 'Erb picks up a bit fightin' an' comes home with a fice like a bit o' beef. 'E ought t' be in a steady job, an' lookin' after me proper.

DR. HANWELL. He ought to be in the army.

"VELVET." Oh, no, 'e oughtn't. Oh, indeed no! 'E 'ates walkin', an' the food wouldn't suit 'im. 'E's got t' be very p'rtic'l'r w'at 'e eats on account of 'is *wind*. (*Hiccoughs.*) 'E don't tike after 'is pa no-'ow. More like me. (*Hiccoughs.*) Begging yer pardon, I'm sure. One soldier's enough in the fem'ly, an' 'im took orf in 'is prime. 'Erb couldn't stan'

bein' ordered abaat. Oh, no! Don' git that idea in y'r 'ead. 'E's small use t' me, but w'at 'e is I wants. I'd git nothin' if 'e went aw'y enjoyin' 'isself aat there.

DR. HANWELL. You ought to *send* him away.

"VELVET." Oh! Oh! There goes me 'eart! (*Moistens her lips.*) Would y' mind if I took a little?

DR. HANWELL. A little what?

"VELVET." "Velvet," dear—Doctor. "Mother's ruin," they calls it. May I?

DR. HANWELL. Try some hot water.

"VELVET." 'Ot water? Bli' me! Ain't I got trouble enough? You *are* cruel, ain't ye? Just a spoonful, eh?

DR. HANWELL. I don't prescribe it.

"VELVET." I knew y' wouldn't tike aw'y a pore woman's stand-by. (*Taking out a flat gin bottle from under her shawl, extracting the cork, wiping her lips, and holding up the bottle to the DOCTOR.*) W'at oh! (*Drinks it long and steadily.*)

DR. HANWELL. Steady! (*Touches her arm.*)

"VELVET." (*Gasping and choking*) Very weak! 'Ardly tiste it! (*Starts to drink again.*)

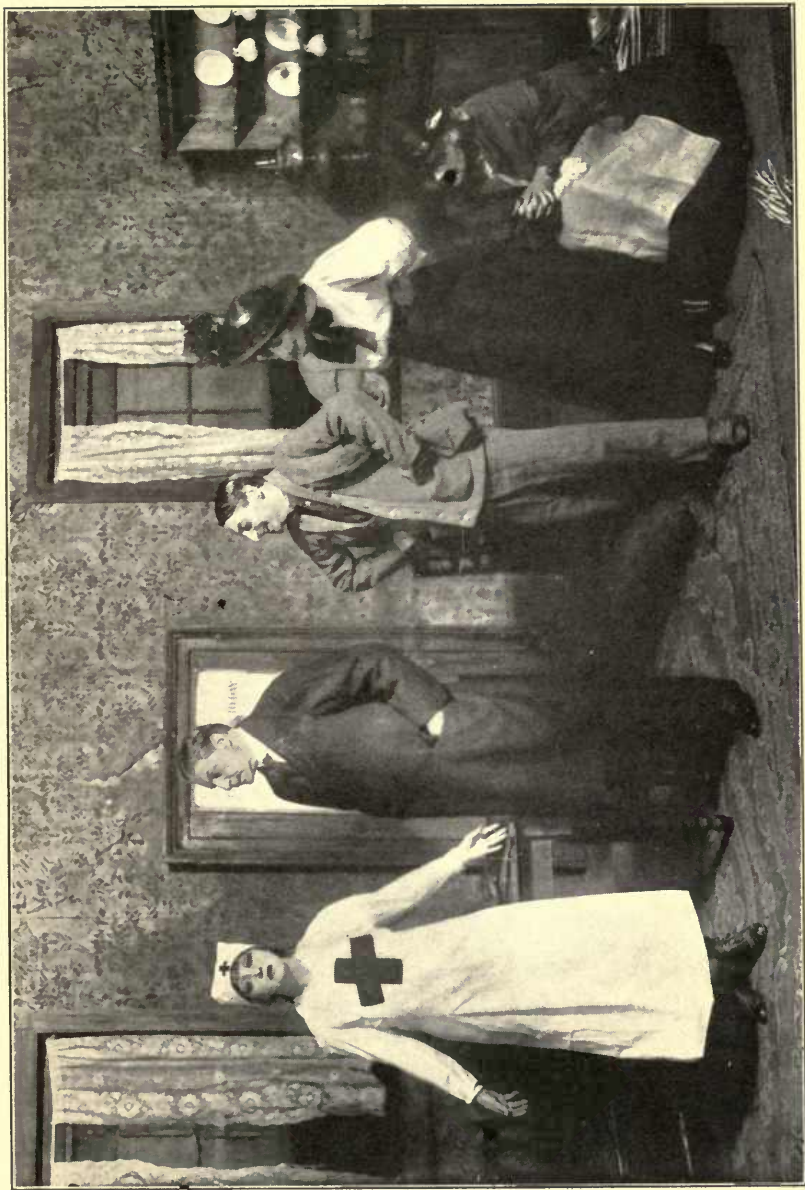
DR. HANWELL. (*Takes the bottle from her and puts it on the dresser*) That will do for the present.

"VELVET." 'Ave it y'r own w'y. Me 'eart's better awready.

(*'ERB comes in, his face shining from recent washing, followed by LIZZIE, who has her hat on, and wears the new ribbon round her neck.*)

'ERB. 'Ello, Ma! Guess w'at I've brought ye. (*Picks the flask off the dresser and holds it out to her.*)

"VELVET." W'at is it, 'Erb?



Courtesy of White Studio

"NURSE NIGHTINGALE"

'ERB. "W'ite Sat'n," ol' dear!

"VELVET." Naow ain't that nice of ye?

'ERB. Strongest they've got. It'll tickle ye up.
(*He digs her in the ribs. She chokes and laughs. Is about to take bottle from 'ERB when LIZZIE snatches it out of his hand and places it on dresser.*)

"VELVET." (*Laughing stupidly and coughing*)
My word! Y're pl'yful! (*She slaps his face with some white feathers she has been holding.*)

'ERB. 'Ere! W'at's this?

"VELVET." W'ite fevvers, dearie!

'ERB. For me?

"VELVET." Naow. Bought 'em at a sale.

'ERB. (*Relieved*) That's all right. None o' thet
"Aunted Annie" stuff! (*He goes to DOCTOR.*)
Want to see me?

DR. HANWELL. Yes, I do.

'ERB. W'at abaat?

DR. HANWELL. Why don't you enlist?

'ERB. 'Cos I don' want to.

DR. HANWELL. You know what they'll call you
if you don't?

'ERB. Not to my *fice*, they won't! If they do I'll
know what for, now then! Be'ind me back they can
s'y w'at they like.

DR. HANWELL. Why give them the chance to say
it anywhere?

'ERB. W'at business is it of yours, I like t' know?

DR. HANWELL. It isn't only *my* business. It's
everybody's.

'ERB. Well, I'm not goin'. See?

DR. HANWELL. It's young men like you will force
a condition that has never existed in the country be-
fore—*conscription*.

'ERB. All right. Let it. Then I'll know the
other feller's goin'. W'y should I put meself abaat
w'en the next street's full o' fellers same as me?

LIZZIE. 'Course it is. Bigger'n 'Erb, too. *They* ought t' be ashimed o' theirselves.

DR. HANWELL. Show them the example.

'ERB. Not me!

LIZZIE. I should s'y not! The idea!

"VELVET." W'y, Doctor, w'atever are y' askin' of 'im?

'ERB. W'at abaat y'rself? Jus' recruitin', eh?

DR. HANWELL. No, *I'm* going out. ('ERB and LIZZIE exchange glances.) We're all in this job, old and young, rich and poor. They'll need you. (*To* 'ERB.) And you—— (*To* LIZZIE) And you. (*To* "VELVET.")

LIZZIE. (*Rather afraid*) W'at? *Me?* An' *ma?* Fat lot o' good w'd be!

"VELVET." I should s'y so!

DR. HANWELL. More good than you think. We'll need every woman before we're finished. But for a strong, healthy young fellow like you to be holding back——

'ERB. (*Angrily*) Look 'ere! I've 'ad abaat enough o' this!

"VELVET." Don' be 'arsh with the Doctor, dearie. 'E's a nice gen'leman. But 'e don' understand y' not likin' marchin' any more 'n 'e can understand me wantin' a little somethin' t' tike aw'y the shivers.

LIZZIE. W'at's 'e got t' do with us, anyw'y? Jus' becos 'e patched ma up with plaster w'en she got 'erself run over don' give 'im the right t' come 'ere an' tell us "w'at for."

DR. HANWELL. It's a pity you're not more like your sister, young woman.

LIZZIE. Like Annie? Gawd 'elp us! W'at's she doin', I'd like t' know?

DR. HANWELL. The wish is there.

LIZZIE. (*Angrily*) Oh, wish me foot! She's very ready with 'er tongue, tellin' others w'at t' do. W'y don' she do somethin' 'erself?

'ERB. Yaas. That's wot I say. She's sicked 'im on t' me. She's alwa's barkin' at me. "Will y' go aat if I go?" says she. Knows bloomin' well they wouldn't tike a thing like 'er. (*To DR. HANWELL suddenly*) See 'ere. You git 'er t' go, an' bli' me, I'll 'list to-morrer.

(The faint sound of a band and the tramping of feet is heard in the far distance. Drums and fifes play "The Girl I Left Behind Me." DR. HANWELL quietly picks up his hat and gloves. ANNIE comes in dressed in her cheap nurse's dress and cap. All look at her in amazement. LIZZIE and 'ERB burst out laughing. The mother begins to cry.)

'ERB. Oh, look at Nurse Nightingale! ..

LIZZIE. "'Aunted Annie" with her cross on crooked! Oh, strike me! You're a winner, all right!

LIZZIE. (*Sings*)

"Tike 'em orf, young man; tike 'em orf.

My, don't he look a guy!

I'd tike 'em orf if I was you,

Was everybody's cry." (*Laughs uproariously.*)

(The DOCTOR gives LIZZIE a stern look which stops her laughing. A full military band plays "Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy." The sound of marching grows nearer and nearer. DR. HANWELL takes out his card-case, extracts a card, writes on it, and goes to ANNIE.)

DR. HANWELL. (*Handing the card to ANNIE*) Take this to the address I've written, and tell them what you told me.

ANNIE. (*Joyfully*) Oh, will they tike me?

DR. HANWELL. I think they will.

ANNIE. An' will they send me aat there?

DR. HANWELL. Perhaps. If I can help to get you there, believe me, I will.

ANNIE. (*Crosses to 'ERB.*) If I do get aat there, will you go? (*The sounds are now quite near. Excitedly*) Don't that mike y'r blood run an' y'r brain dance? (*'ERBB turns away sullenly.*) So'diers! (*To DR. HANWELL.*)

DR. HANWELL. They're going down to the train.

ANNIE. I want to see them. I'm goin' t' see them.

DR. HANWELL. Not like *that*. (*Pointing to the nurse's dress.*)

ANNIE. I'll cover it up. (*Takes off her nurse's cap and puts it in her bosom, puts on hat, and covers her dress with a coat.*)

DR. HANWELL. (*To "VELVET"*) Good-bye. Whenever you don't feel quite up to the mark, look in at the hospital—Dr. Barnett.

"VELVET." Much obliged, I'm sure, sir. 'Ave a drop of anythin' before y' go?

DR. HANWELL. No, thank you. (*Nods to LIZZIE.*) Good-bye. (*Is about to speak to 'ERB, who turns his back to him, thinks a moment, turns to ANNIE.*)

ANNIE. Awright?

DR. HANWELL. Yes. Come along. I'll drive you down. (*Opens door, goes through passage, and opens door to the street, and waits for ANNIE.*)

ANNIE. Good-bye, Liz!

LIZZIE. Good riddance!

ANNIE. Good-bye, Ma!

"VELVET." W'ere 're y' goin', dearie?

ANNIE. I'm goin' aat t' 'elp.

LIZZIE. D' y' s'pose they'll let you be a *nurse?*
You?

ANNIE. I'm goin' to try.

"VELVET." (*Beginning to cry*) Y're goin' t' leave me?

ANNIE. Yaas, Mother! I ain't bin much use 'ere. I may be *there*. 'Erb, if I do go, will you go?

'ERB. W'at if I don't?

ANNIE. Y'll 'urt me.

'ERB. Well, be 'urt.

ANNIE. (*Looks at him for a moment; then suddenly brightens up.*) So long, Ma! Take care o' yerself. (*She marches out to the time of the music. Closes outer door and joins DOCTOR. They disappear together. Suddenly the band breaks from marking time on the drums into "Tipperary."*)

LIZZIE. (*Moves to the window and shouts after ANNIE*) Gawd 'elp them as you nurse!

'ERB. (*Growls*) Let 'er alone, cawn't ye?

LIZZIE. 'Ark at you!

'ERB. Shut up! I tell ye.

LIZZIE. Oh, shut up y'rself. (*Laughs.*) Old "Aunted Annie's" fancyin' 'erself a nurse! Make a cat laugh!

'ERB. (*Threateningly*) Stop that, will ye? She's worth a dozen o' you.

LIZZIE. Oh, is *that* so?

'ERB. Yaas, it is. An' of me, too. So keep y'r trap shut. (*He stands sullenly, his eyes flashing restlessly all through the opening movement of the march. Then the chorus is played as they march past quite near. When they start it for the second time he picks up his cap from the dresser and goes to his mother.*) Gi'e us a kiss, Ma.

"VELVET." W'at for, 'Erb?

'ERB. I'm orf.

"VELVET." Orf, dearie? W'ere?

'ERB. Aat there. (*Pecks at her cheek, hurries to the door; as he opens it he calls over his shoulder to LIZZIE*) So long, spiteful! (*Bangs the door behind him, then bangs the outer door.*)

(“VELVET” *cries and sways backward and forward.*)

“VELVET.” I knew as somethin’ was goin’ to ‘ap-pen. I bin that depressed all d’y.

LIZZIE. Never mind, Ma. Y’ve still got me.
(*Takes up the flask ’ERB brought in.*) An’ this.
(*Pours out some into a glass.*)

“VELVET.” (*Weeping*) ’Erb give it to me with
’is last breath. I’ll never see ’im no more.

LIZZIE. Not much lorse to any one. ’Ere y’ go!
(*Hands her the glass. Watches her drink.*)

(“VELVET” *wipes her lips.*)

LIZZIE. (*Sings as she corks the bottle*)

“I believe in ‘avin’ it if y’ fancy it.

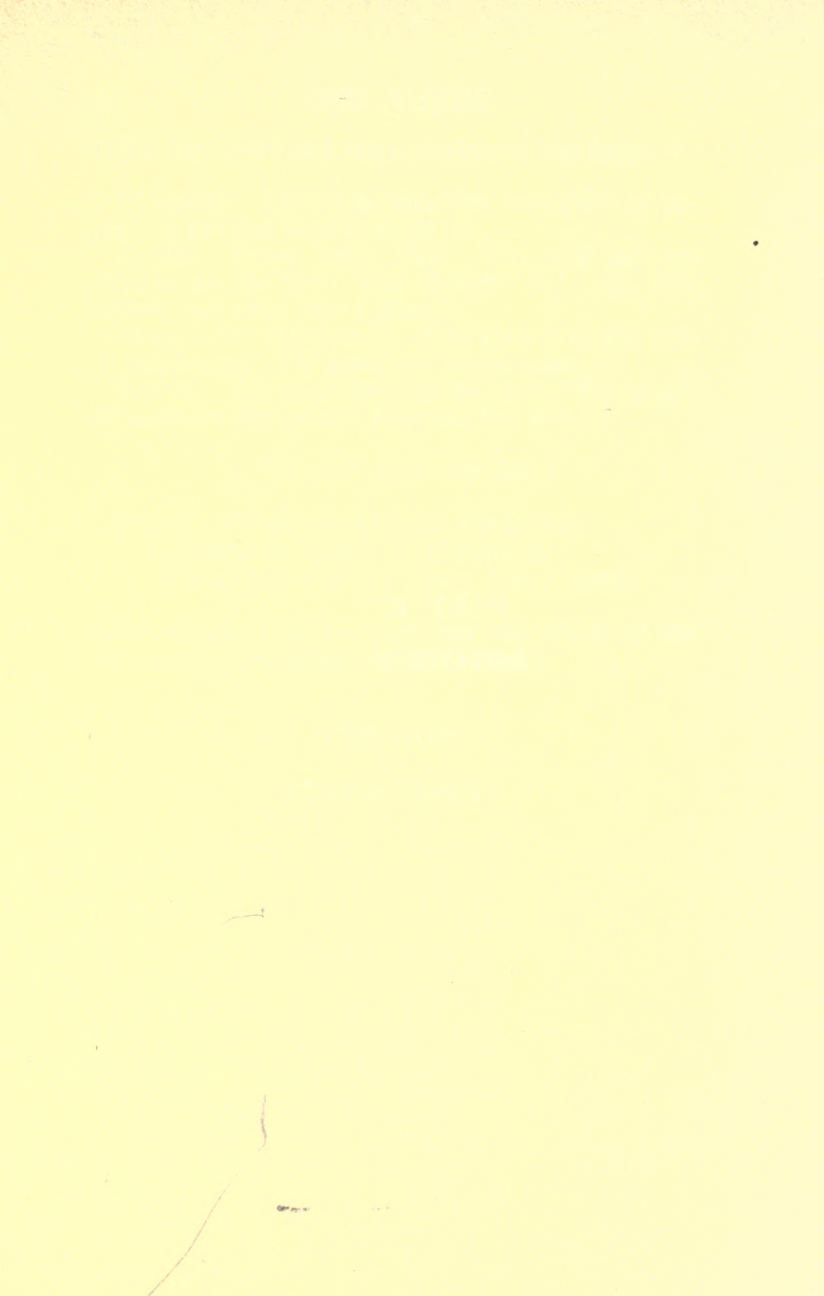
’Cos a little of w’at y’ fancy does y’ good.”

(*The marching of the men and the sound of the
band begin to fade away.*)

CURTAIN

(END OF PART I)

PART II
DEVOTION



"THE ORANGE WALK"

THE SURGEON
THE "IRISHMAN"
THE COCKNEY
THE SCOTCHMAN
THE NEW ZEALANDER
GRIFFIN
TERENCE
A NEWCOMER
ANOTHER NEWCOMER
GABRIELLE
THE HELP

DEVOTION

The scene represents a portion of a ward in a hospital in France. There are seven cots. In a wheeling chair R., below cot Six, stretched full length, is a young boy known as "PAT." He has been shot through the hips, and is paralyzed. His eyes are closed. There is an orange lying on his newly-made bed. Next to him on cot Five is a young COCKNEY, about five feet eight inches, very thin, his left hand bound up, his right leg almost disabled. He is sucking an orange. Next to him on cot Four is a big, six-foot CANADIAN, with his head bandaged. He has a deep voice, a gruff manner, and is lying on the outside of the bedcovers, methodically peeling an orange. Next to him in cot Three is a SCOTCHMAN, thirty-six years old, about five feet ten inches in height, slowly and methodically gathering his few belongings together. He is sufficiently well to be sent farther on. He has an orange all opened out in flakes, the peel lying beside it, and is eating it, a flake at a time, as he dresses. Next to him, No. Two, is an empty cot, and next to that, in cot One, a huge NEW ZEALANDER, about six feet two inches, is also lying on the coverlet. He has a support running from his right foot up to his shoulder. He is throwing into the air and catching on its return an orange. He accompanies each journey and return of the fruit with an old circus tune. Each man is occupied with his own thoughts,

and is not taking any notice of his companions. After some little time the COCKNEY begins to play a mouth-organ. The SCOTCHMAN hums an air out of tune. Voices are heard quite near.

DOCTOR. (*In the near distance*) We'll take this ward next.

NEW ZEALANDER. Look out! Here's the doctor! (*He gets out of his cot.*)

(*Enter ORDERLY.*)

ORDERLY. Carry on! Ward! 'Shun!

(NEW ZEALANDER, SCOTCHMAN, CANADIAN, and COCKNEY all come to attention. "PAT" remains motionless—his eyes closed. DR. HANWELL, in khaki uniform, enters with NURSE GABRIELLE, a very serious-minded, aristocratic young nurse. The DOCTOR carries a small notebook and pencil. The NURSE has similar ones. Hanging on the foot of each bed is a day-chart showing the immediate condition of the man. The NURSE shows DR. HANWELL the NEW ZEALANDER'S chart.)

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling cheerfully at the NEW ZEALANDER*) How are you getting on?

NEW ZEALANDER. Very well, thank-ye.

DR. HANWELL. How is the shoulder?

NEW ZEALANDER. All right, sir.

DR. HANWELL. Quite comfortable?

NEW ZEALANDER. Yes, sir.

DR. HANWELL. Ache much?

NEW ZEALANDER. Now an' agen. Not much.

DR. HANWELL. We'll have another look at it this afternoon.

NEW ZEALANDER. (*With a grimace to NURSE*)
Won't like *that* much, will I?

NURSE. It's the only time he ever complains.

NEW ZEALANDER. (*Restlessly*) It's all right. I
hate havin' it pulled about.

DR. HANWELL. You won't feel it.

NEW ZEALANDER. You always say that. I'd
rather ye let it alone. It's goin' on all right.

DR. HANWELL. Don't think about it. (*Looking
at his notes. To NURSE*) At three. (*The NURSE
makes a note and goes to foot of cot Four, the CAN-
ADIAN'S.*) Orange day! (*Sniffing and smiling.*)

NEW ZEALANDER. Yes, sir. Smells like a circus.

DR. HANWELL. (*Gives the man a pleasant nod,
and passes on to the SCOTCHMAN.*) Moving you on,
eh?

SCOTCHMAN. I'll be ready.

DR. HANWELL. Glad to get away?

SCOTCHMAN. So long as I'm gettin' reet agen.
(*Touches his shoulder.*)

DR. HANWELL. You've done wonderfully.

SCOTCHMAN. (*Looks at him a moment, beckons
him, and bends down and says right into his ear*)
Will they send me back, Doctor?

DR. HANWELL. Why? Do you want to go?

SCOTCHMAN. Aye. I'd like anither crack at
them.

DR. HANWELL. You'll get your wish.

SCOTCHMAN. (*Grimly*) That's a' reet. There's
na hame any more.

DR. HANWELL. No?

SCOTCHMAN. Me twa lads are gone. I want to
stay oot here to the finish. Ye ken?

DR. HANWELL. (*Nods understandingly, then
shakes hands*) Good luck!

SCOTCHMAN. (*Gripping his hand*) Thank ye,
Doctor! Guid luck ta ye! (*The NURSE smiles at
the SCOTCHMAN. He touches his forehead to her.*)

The DOCTOR turns to NURSE. She shows him CANADIAN's chart and replaces it on foot of bed.)

DR. HANWELL. Well, my man?

CANADIAN. *(Looking at the DOCTOR apprehensively, and speaking in a gruff, bass voice)* Mornin', Doctor!

DR. HANWELL. And how are you?

CANADIAN. *(Nodding toward the SCOTCHMAN)* Same as *him*.

DR. HANWELL. How's that?

CANADIAN. I'm *sick* of lying about here.

DR. HANWELL. It's all in the day. You did your share.

CANADIAN. *Did?* I'm not half through yet. Not *half*.

DR. HANWELL. That's the spirit.

CANADIAN. *(With a grim smile)* I want to get back to the Knickerbocker Club and the Times Square, and the "Jinks."

DR. HANWELL. Where?

CANADIAN. "Out there."

DR. HANWELL. You're thinking of New York surely?

CANADIAN. *(Eagerly)* We've got 'em "Out there" too.

DR. HANWELL. *(Smiling)* Have you?

CANADIAN. Sure! We get our mail at the Knickerbocker—ye get there by the Subway to Times Square—ye crawl underground. The Knickerbocker's a dug-out, and we have our sing-songs at the "Jinks."

DR. HANWELL. *(Laughing)* Do you, really?

CANADIAN. Sure! We have a juggler, used to play Hammerstein's, can keep twelve plates goin' at the same time.

DR. HANWELL. *(Quite interested and amused)* Fancy that!

CANADIAN. Sure! An' a couple o' comic sing-

ers. Real class they are. (*Nods toward the SCOTCH-MAN.*) He'd kind o' like one of 'em. Sings all Harry Lauder's.

DR. HANWELL. Well, well!

CANADIAN. Sure! An' we've a soprano from California.

DR. HANWELL. Soprano?

CANADIAN. Fact! He could take a top "C" with Caruso. Ye should hear him in "My Little Wet Home in the Trench." (*Sings*)

"In my little wet home in the trench,
Where the rain drops continually drench."

It's a little high for me, but he's real class! A pip-pin!

DR. HANWELL. You must have quite a good time.

CANADIAN. You bet yer life we do. (*Regretfully*) I wish I was back. Got a glee-party, too. I'm bass. (*Sings*)

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me!"

We sang carols to the Boches last Christmas. (*Sighs.*) And here I am, out of it all because I've got a headache!

DR. HANWELL. With the piece of shrapnel you got you're lucky to be able to talk about it at all.

CANADIAN. It *was* a piece, wasn't it? (*Takes from under his pillow a large, sinister-looking, jagged piece of shrapnel.*) My helmet got most of it. (*Looks up at helmet hanging above him with a large hole in it.*)

DR. HANWELL. Keep on as you've been going, and you'll soon be enjoying all the comforts of the Knickerbocker again.

CANADIAN. (*Regretfully*) We get a cocktail every afternoon at five. I mix 'em—when I get the chance. Old-fashioned—Bushmills. I wish I could have one now. Can't I?

DR. HANWELL. Oh, no, no.

CANADIAN. Well, they'll have one today—if they're not busy. (*Sighs*) And here I am, out of it all.

DR. HANWELL. (*To the NURSE, who makes a note*) We'll look at it again this afternoon.

CANADIAN. (*Irritably*) Oh, it'll be all right.

DR. HANWELL. (*Humouring him*) Of course it will.

CANADIAN. Take a lot more'n that to do me. I'll have another go at them yet. Mark me!

DR. HANWELL. I'm sure you will. Good-bye.

CANADIAN. Good-bye, sir. I like talking to you.

DR. HANWELL. That's right! (*The NURSE is waiting at foot of COCKNEY's cot, No. Five. Shows chart to DOCTOR.*) Well, my lad?

COCKNEY. Mornin', sir!

DR. HANWELL. Nice and comfortable?

COCKNEY. Cawn't complain!

DR. HANWELL. How's the leg?

COCKNEY. Don' min' thet so much. I can 'op ababout on thet. (*Touches his left hand.*) It's this 'ere wot gives me the pip.

DR. HANWELL. (*Sympathetically*) Oh? Does it hurt?

COCKNEY. Don' min' thet so much. But, y' see, I'm *left-anded*. You know! I always cop 'em wit' the left.

DR. HANWELL. Cop whom?

COCKNEY. You know! In a fight.

DR. HANWELL. I see.

COCKNEY. Shawn't be much good wi' the gloves no more, will I? You know! In the ring?

DR. HANWELL. Oh, I wouldn't say that.

COCKNEY. I would. You know! Cawn't close it. (*Looking at the bandaged hand.*) 'Tain't much use inside a glove if y' cawn't close it, is it? You know!

DR. HANWELL. It's a clean wound. It may take time. But it will heal up.

COCKNEY. (*Insisting*) Yaas, but I cawn't close it! I'm done as a fighter. Not 'alf! Got t' handle wood the rest o' me life. You know!

DR. HANWELL. What do you do?

COCKNEY. Box-maiker. You know!

DR. HANWELL. Where do you live?

COCKNEY. Poplar—born an' bred.

DR. HANWELL. How old are you?

COCKNEY. Twen'y-two.

DR. HANWELL. Been out here long?

COCKNEY. Ever since it started. You know! Mons!

DR. HANWELL. Really?

COCKNEY. Yaas. Not many of us left w'at started. You know! We got copped good an' plenty. Bad luck! *You* know! Naa take me—it come my turn t' be a marker. *You* know! Puts a light coat on an' yer points 'em aat. 'E alwa's gits 'it. I got 'it. You know! Got 'it twice. 'Ere, an' 'ere. (*Touches his hand and his leg.*) Never felt nothin'. You know! Jes' flopped daan. My kep-tin come a-running along. 'E sees me, an' 'e calls aat, "'Ello!" 'e says. "Y've got 'it," 'e says. "Yaas," says I. "Good job, too!" says 'e. "Ha! ha!" tryin' t' laugh. "Y' bin aat 'ere long enough," 'e says. "Time y' went 'ome." Nice feller! You know! 'E was only jokin'.

DR. HANWELL. Of course!

COCKNEY. Got 'is that d'y. (*Reflectively*) Nice feller!

DR. HANWELL. Was he killed?

COCKNEY. Yaas. 'E needn't 'a' bin. *You* know! alwa's runnin' abaat with 'is 'ead up. Nice feller! Oh, well! It's all in a life! *You* know!

DR. HANWELL. Yes. (*To NURSE*) At three! Good-bye, my lad!

(The NURSE takes up PAT's chart and waits at foot of cot Six for DOCTOR.)

COCKNEY. Good-bye, sir! Think I'll ever fight ag'in? *You know!*

DR. HANWELL. I'll make a thorough examination this afternoon.

COCKNEY. 'Fraid not! Cawn't close it. *You know!*

DR. HANWELL. There's always a chance. Good-bye. *(Nods genially to him, goes to foot of PAT's cot and reads the chart. NURSE replaces chart, goes to R. of PAT, and shakes him. PAT opens his eyes, and looks at the DOCTOR sullenly.)*

DR. HANWELL. And how are you?

PAT. I don't know *how* I am.

DR. HANWELL. Do you sleep well?

PAT. I do not.

DR. HANWELL. Ah! Does it bother you much?

PAT. It does.

DR. HANWELL. Does it pain you?

PAT. I can't use it.

DR. HANWELL. That's not to be wondered at, is it?

PAT. It is not.

DR. HANWELL. *(To NURSE, who makes note)* We'll look him over, too. *(To PAT)* Is there anything you want?

PAT. Indeed there is. There's a lot o' things I want.

DR. HANWELL. For instance?

PAT. I want to get out o' here. I don't like the ward.

DR. HANWELL. Why not? Aren't you comfortable?

PAT. I am not.

DR. HANWELL. What do you need?

PAT. *(stirring uneasily)* Well, ~~the~~ one thing—

I want more pillows. (*The NURSE arranges the pillow in his chair.*) Listen, Miss! Settle this so that I can stretch back! And bring a whole lot of pillows.

DR. HANWELL. All right. You shall have them. (*Nods to NURSE—she makes a note.*) Anything else?

PAT. I want to be quiet. This place is too noisy. I hate it.

DR. HANWELL. When there is room, I'll have you transferred where it is quieter. Anything else?

PAT. I want to *walk*.

DR. HANWELL. You must have patience.

PAT. I haven't. (*Sullenly—under his breath.*) I want to walk.

DR. HANWELL. How old are you?

PAT. It doesn't matter how old I am. I'm old enough to walk.

DR. HANWELL. Well, you'll have the pillows, and we'll move you to a quieter place, and you'll walk as soon as Nature permits. There! Feel more cheerful?

PAT. I do not. I'll never walk.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't feel that way about it.

PAT. I *do* feel that way about it.

DR. HANWELL. (*Breezily*) Don't brood! Cheer up!

PAT. I can't. (*Indicates the others.*) They're cheerful. I *hate* it.

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling*) You seem to hate everything.

PAT. I do.

DR. HANWELL. You don't hate *me*?

PAT. (*Looks at him long and hard*) I do not.

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling*) Well, that's something.

PAT. (*Gets sullen again*) Only when you ask me questions, an' tell me to be cheerful.

DR. HANWELL. I won't tell you any more.

PAT. All right!

DR. HANWELL. Now smile.

PAT. I will not.

DR. HANWELL. (*Coaxing*) Ah! Ah! Ah! Come on! You know you can. Come on. (*Smiling broadly at him. PAT smiles slowly and reluctantly.*) There you are! Do that once every hour.

PAT. I will not. (*He turns away and closes his eyes.*)

(*The DOCTOR looks at them all and turns to the NURSE.*)

DR. HANWELL. Everything seems very satisfactory.

NURSE. Except one thing, Doctor. That girl, Annie, the general help . . .

DR. HANWELL. What of her?

NURSE. Oh, she's very willing, and a hard worker, but she is continually breaking rules. I find her doing things for the men—giving them things, moving them, replacing their bandages. I've warned her repeatedly. She's always hovering around them. Now that's all wrong, isn't it?

DR. HANWELL. Certainly it is.

NURSE. This morning I found her lifting a man up down there.

DR. HANWELL. *Lifting* him?

NURSE. Yes. He wanted to change his position, and asked her, and I found her doing it. It might be very dangerous in some cases.

DR. HANWELL. Certainly it might. I'll speak to her when we've finished in here.

NURSE. Thank you, Doctor! (*They disappear,*

talking; the DOCTOR saying good-bye as he passes. Presently his voice is heard very faintly.)

DR. HANWELL. Well, old man, and how are you? Quite comfortable?

COCKNEY. W'at's she complainin' abaat? Annie's all right, ain't she?

CANADIAN. Of course she is. She tried to move me once.

COCKNEY. (*Laughs*) Fancy trying to move 'im.

CANADIAN. Yes, me. I couldn't move meself. Didn't do any harm, did it?

COCKNEY. Not by the looks of yer.

CANADIAN. Well, what's the matter with my looks?

COCKNEY. 'Ere, w'at do you say, Pat—Pat, Pat?

PAT. (*Opening his eyes*) What?

COCKNEY. W'at do you say abaat Annie?

PAT. About who?

COCKNEY. Annie.

PAT. Annie? Oh, she's all right. Only, I wish to goodness she wouldn't try to *sing*. I hate it.

NEW ZEALANDER. Let her sing all she wants, if only she wouldn't keep washin'! She's always washin' round me. The place round me is that damp, I'll get my death o' cold some day if she don' stop. (*Coughs.*)

COCKNEY. Ho! Go h'on!

PAT. I hate her washin', too. Once a week's enough.

COCKNEY. Yaas, for anybody. Oh, g'wan, ef that's all y've got t' s'y abaat her. Don't she w'eel y' aat in the sun? Ain't she alwa's tryin' to find aat w'at y' want? Yaas!

(The SCOTCHMAN goes on methodically dressing. The NEW ZEALANDER painfully begins to write a letter. The COCKNEY starts playing his mouth-

organ. He plays louder and louder, wagging his head in time to the tune.)

PAT. Stop that!

COCKNEY. All right, maite! (*Quiets down until you can just hear the tune.*)

(ANNIE enters, carrying glass of milk and sandwich on tray in one hand and pail of water and wash-rags in the other. She is dressed in the uniform of a general "help." She wears a battered soldier's cap and has a torn piece of a flag tied round her waist.)

COCKNEY. 'Ello, Annie! W'at yer got?

CANADIAN. (*Reaching out for the tray*) Grub!

ANNIE. 'Ere! 'E's going out. (*Places tray in front of SCOTCHMAN.*)

SCOTCHMAN. Thank yer, Miss!

ANNIE. You're always thinkin' of something t' eat.

CANADIAN. Well, I'm always hungry.

ANNIE. Yaas, that's w'y you got such a nice figure. (*She looks around, makes up her mind where to begin, then goes to cot One, and starts washing chair.*)

NEW ZEALANDER. (*Irritably*) What are you always washing round me for? First thing, I'll get my death of pneumonia.

ANNIE. (*Her face is quite bright—the sadness and anxiety have gone from it. She seems quite happy.*) Permonia! You make me laugh. Ain't y' bin standin' in mud an' water f'r months? Permonia. (*In turning round to wash chair, she bumps against him. He makes a gesture.*) Well, y' know, I've got t' keep y' clean.

NEW ZEALANDER. Can't ye see I'm writin'?

ANNIE. Writin' 'ome?

NEW ZEALANDER. Yes.

ANNIE. That's different. (*She goes to foot of bed and washes rail. NEW ZEALANDER gives ANNIE a savage look and turns over on his right side.*) Does this disturb you?

NEW ZEALANDER. Oh, go on if ye want to.

ANNIE. Oh, no. I'll come back w'en y're aat gittin' the air. (*Replaces chart holder noisily.*)

(NEW ZEALANDER, after making several ineffectual attempts to write, finally throws the book on the floor savagely.)

ANNIE. My! You're nervous! (*Sees the package of "Woodbine" cigarettes on the table, picks it up, and hands it to him.*) W'y don't y' smoke?

NEW ZEALANDER. Can't use them things.

ANNIE. W'at's the matter with 'em? (*Smells them.*) They're "Woodbines."

NEW ZEALANDER. Can't use 'em, I tell ye.

ANNIE. (*Puts the package back on the table*) W'at kind d' y' like?

NEW ZEALANDER. Ee-gyptian.

ANNIE. Egyptian? I'll see if I can git y' some.

NEW ZEALANDER. You get some? Where?

ANNIE. I dunno. Somewheres. I might run acrorst 'em some place.

NEW ZEALANDER. (*Grimly*) There ain't no shops out here, young woman.

ANNIE. I'll run acrorst some one 'oo 'as 'em. See if I don't!

NEW ZEALANDER. (*Brightening up*) I would like a few.

ANNIE. Leave it to me. (*Picks up his pen and puts a piece of paper in front of him.*) Go on with y'r letter. 'Ere! 'Ave a dry smoke. (*Takes a "Woodbine" out of the package and makes him put it in his mouth.*) Put it in yer mouth and make yer

mind say as 'ow it's 'Gyptian. Don't 'ave ter light it—chew it. (*Smiles at him, takes her pail and goes on. She stops by the SCOTCHMAN.*) Goin', ain't y'?

SCOTCHMAN. Aye.

ANNIE. I'll tidy up afterwards. 'Opes y' 'ave a nice journey.

SCOTCHMAN. Thank ye, Miss.

ANNIE. Drop us a card an' let's know 'ow y're gittin' on.

SCOTCHMAN. A' reet.

ANNIE. Make it a picture postcard.

SCOTCHMAN. A' reet.

ANNIE. Cheer oh! Canada!

CANADIAN. Hello, Annie!

ANNIE. (*Washing his chair*) Give us y'r bit o' shrapnel?

CANADIAN. I should say not.

ANNIE. Oh, gwan! Be a sport!

CANADIAN. What do you want with it?

ANNIE. Maike it into a bracelet f'r me big sister.

CANADIAN. (*Laughs*) Get a bit of y'r own.

ANNIE. I will. (*Picking up gas mask from chair.*) Oh, isn't that pretty?

CANADIAN. (*Taking it from her*) Here, you let my lady friend alone.

ANNIE. I'm lookin' f'r keepsaikes. See this cap?

CANADIAN. Yes.

ANNIE. It came from Flanders.

CANADIAN. *No!*

ANNIE. Yaas, it did. See this 'ere flag?

CANADIAN. Yes.

ANNIE. It come from Wipers. All I want now is your bit o' shrapnel.

CANADIAN. Well, y' don't get it.

ANNIE. Oh, yaas, I will.

CANADIAN. Oh, no, you won't.

ANNIE. Oh, yaas, I will——

CANADIAN. Oh, no, you won't.

ANNIE. Oh, yaas, I will—you see if I don't. Got everythin' y' want?

CANADIAN. No.

ANNIE. W'at's missin'?

CANADIAN. If ye see a nice box o' seegars, send 'em round here.

ANNIE. Don' know abaat a box. Would a couple do t' go on wiv?

CANADIAN. (*Starting up*) Why? Have ye got some?

ANNIE. No. (*CANADIAN groans and falls back.*) But I'll run acrorst 'em somew'ere.

CANADIAN. (*Sarcastically*) Ye'll find some in the Astor Hotel.

ANNIE. All right! I'll git y' some. See if I don't!

CANADIAN. Seein' 's believin'! I could do with one now first rate.

ANNIE. All right, Canada. You leave it to me.

CANADIAN. Be sure they're big and black.

ANNIE. You taik w'at y' can git.

CANADIAN. I will, believe me! An' glad of 'em.

ANNIE. (*To PAT*) 'Ow are y', Pat?

PAT. I'm not well.

ANNIE. You're lookin' much better.

PAT. I'm not better.

ANNIE. Don't you contradic' me.

PAT. Go away.

ANNIE. (*Sees the orange*) W'y, 'e ain't 'ad 'is orange. (*Picks it up and offers it to him.*)

PAT. L'ave it alone. Put it down, out of yer hand, will ye? (*Takes it out of her hand and puts it on bed.*) I hate oranges.

ANNIE. Do y'? Well, never mind. T'morrow's cherry d'y.

PAT. I hate cherries, too. That's all they ever think of, oranges and cherries. I hate fruit.

ANNIE. W'at would y' like?

PAT. Never mind what I'd like. I can't get what I'd like.

ANNIE. Oh, gwan! Tell me!

PAT. I will not. (*Closes his eyes.*)

ANNIE. Aw-right, then. Don't! Keep yer dark secret!

COCKNEY. I'll tell y' w'at 'e wants. Choc'lots. That's w'at 'e wants. Gawn—you arst 'im.

ANNIE. (*To PAT*) Like some—some *sweets*?

PAT. (*Brightens up.*) I would. (*Disgustedly*) What did ye want to speak about 'em for? No one ever thinks of 'em here.

ANNIE. I'll git y' some——

PAT. Where would *you* get them?

ANNIE. I dunno—I may run acrost some some place. I saw a feller eatin' some this mornin'.

PAT. (*Wistfully*) Did ye?

ANNIE. (*Nods*) I'm sure 'e'd give me some if I arst 'im—f'r meself.

PAT. What would he be givin' you sweets for?

ANNIE. Oh, 'e likes bein' washed raan'. 'E comes from London—The Tower 'amlets. 'E's got a bad leg, too, on'y 'e's laughin' all the time.

PAT. So well he may. An' he having chocolates.

ANNIE. Yaas. An' *pep'mints*.

PAT. (*Closing his eyes at the thought*) Oh! I like *them*.

ANNIE. I'll be washin' raand 'is bed soon, an' I'll arst 'im for some.

PAT. (*Disconsolately*) Oh, he'll have eaten them all by then.

ANNIE. Not 'e! 'E's got several boxes.

PAT. Don't be too long gettin' round to him.

ANNIE. All right, Pat! (*Goes up to CANADIAN's table.*) O' w't a mussy person! (*Sees orange peels, etc., on table and bed.*) You can make one orange look like a box. Can't yer? (*Throws all the orange*

peels into the pouch pocket of her apron.) 'Ere, 'old this! (Picks up "Woodbine" package with only one cigarette left in it and gives it to CANADIAN. She dusts the table. He puts cigarette in his mouth and throws the package on the floor.)

ANNIE. 'Ere! 'Ere! W'at 'ave I told you about frowin' papers on the floor?

CANADIAN. *(Puts his arm up for protection)* Don't strike me, Annie!

ANNIE. Make yer get out and pick it up next time. *(She picks it up.)* Fink I was 'ere just ter pick up paper arter yer.

CANADIAN. *(Lights cigarette. Holds up used match.)* Annie! What shall I do with this?

ANNIE. *(She takes it from him, puts it in the pocket in her apron, and goes to PAT.)* Cheer up, Pat! Y'll soon be runnin' abaat ag'in. *(Kneels down and washes round his bed.)*

PAT. I'll never run.

ANNIE. Yaas, y' will. Y'll be back fightin' bime-by.

PAT. I'll never fight again.

ANNIE. I s'pose as soon as y' git aat of 'ere y'll be maikin' recruitin' speeches.

PAT. *(Disgustedly)* I will not. I'll never run. An' I'll never fight. An' I can't make speeches. I hate speeches. I can't do nothin' any more.

ANNIE. If y'r ain't goin' ter fight, an' yer ain't goin' ter maike speeches, an' yer ain't goin' ter run abaat, w'at are y' goin' to do the rest o' yer life?

PAT. For the rest o' me life I'm goin' to impose meself on the British Gover'ment.

ANNIE. *(To COCKNEY)* Ain't 'e the cheerful one? *(To PAT suddenly and enthusiastically)* I'll tell yer 'ow to get well.

PAT. How?

ANNIE. Keep on wishin' it. Naa taike me. I was more mis'erable 'n you are *once*.

PAT. You were not.

ANNIE. Yaas, I was.

PAT. Ye couldn't be.

ANNIE. Don't you contradic' me. I tell yer I was. It took a bit of doin', but I managed it. Do you know 'ow I got 'appy?

PAT. No.

ANNIE. I got 'appy 'cause I got out 'ere. Do you know 'ow I got aat 'ere?

PAT. No.

ANNIE. I wished meself aat 'ere.

PAT. You wished it? Well, if you have another wish comin' to you, I wish to God you'd wish yourself back.

ANNIE. Cheer o', Pat! Y'll soon be all 'ole an' runnin' abaat like a little white rabbit.

PAT. I'm sick o' wishin'! I'm sick o' fightin'! I'm sick o' talkin'. I'd look lovely, wouldn't I, runnin' about like a little white rabbit? (*Turns his back on her.*) If you have nothing better in store for me I wish you'd leave me alone altogether.

ANNIE. (*To COCKNEY*) I know w'at 'e wants. 'E wants me t' sing t' him.

PAT. I do not.

ANNIE. (*Sings*)

"Oh, Paddy, dear, an' did y' 'ear
The noos they're sendin' raand?
They'll stop the Irish shamrock naa
From a-growin' in the graand."

PAT. (*Covering his ears*) My God! To think I should live to hear that sung in Cockney! (*Cockney plays the last bars of song on mouth organ.*)

COCKNEY. (*Beckons her*) Don't mind 'im. 'E don' mean a word 'e says.

ANNIE. (*Whispering*) 'E do take it 'ard, don't 'e?

COCKNEY. Yaas.

ANNIE. Awful not t' be aible t' walk.

COCKNEY. 'Course it is! Still, w'at of it? 'E cawn't walk, an' I cawn't scrap, but we 'ave seen a bit o' life aat 'ere, ain't we?

ANNIE. (*Earnestly*) Thet's what *I* feels. *Big* life, too.

COCKNEY. Yaas. (*Sings softly*)

"Oh, we 'aven't got much money,
But—we do see life."

(*Plays on the mouth-organ.*)

ANNIE. You're a funny one, yer know! W'at did you do afore this?

COCKNEY. Maide boxes. W'en I was aat of a job I *boxed* a bit, too.

ANNIE. (*Eyes glistening*) Prize fighter?

COCKNEY. Yaas. I was jus' comin' on, too, w'n this broke aat. Oh, but my brother! My brother 'Enery! 'E's a wonder! Gits five quid a fight at the National Sportin' Club. Five quid a fight! *Thet's* money!

CANADIAN. You bet yer life it is.

COCKNEY. 'E's clarss, 'e is. 'E's somew'ere aat 'ere, too.

ANNIE. (*Eagerly*) D'yer ever 'ear of 'Erbert 'Udd?

COCKNEY. 'Erbert 'Udd? D'yer mean "Chunky-'Erb," o' Camden Taan?

ANNIE. (*Excitedly*) Yaas.

COCKNEY. Ever 'ear of 'im! Bli' me! 'E put me aat once.

ANNIE. Did 'e?

COCKNEY. (*Sadly*) Yaas. Put me aat f'r keeps. Knocked me cold. W'at d' you know about 'im?

ANNIE. (*Proudly*) Know abaat 'im! 'E's my brother.

COCKNEY. (*Disbelievingly*) G'wan! (*ANNIE nods vigorously.*) 'E ain't? (*Incredulously.*)

ANNIE. Yaas, 'e is.

COCKNEY. G'wan. 'E ain't.

ANNIE. (*Hurt*) I tell y', 'e is.

COCKNEY. (*Looking at her with new interest*) Well, bli' me! Ol' "Chunk's" sister! (*ANNIE nods, her eyes glistening.*) 'E's a bit of aw right wi' the mitts. Got a wicked left! Caught me in the ear-'ole. See *that?* (*Shows his ear.*) Ga' me a thick un, an' no mistaike. Reg'lar colliflower!

ANNIE. It is a beauty, ain't it? Was it an 'ook?

COCKNEY. Yaas, left 'ook.

ANNIE. 'E's a wonder at that.

COCKNEY. Bli' me! Ol' "Chunk's" sister! W'at are you doin' aat 'ere?

ANNIE. My bit.

COCKNEY. W'ere's "Chunk"?

ANNIE. (*Evasively*) 'E'll be aat 'ere presently.

COCKNEY. (*Reflectively*) Cocky beggar!

ANNIE. 'Oo is?

COCKNEY. 'E is.

ANNIE. G'wan, 'e ain't.

COCKNEY. Yaas, 'e is.

ANNIE. Cocky, y'rself.

COCKNEY. Never took no notice o' me after 'e knocked me aat.

ANNIE. W'at did y' want 'im to do? Kiss yer?

COCKNEY. Wait till all this is over. My brother 'll give 'im w'at for. (*Looking at her again.*) Well, bli' me! Ol' "Chunk's" sister! Like y' better'n I do 'im!

ANNIE. Well, that's aw right. But don't you s'y nothin' ag'in 'im. (*Goes to PAT's cot and washes.*)

COCKNEY. Aw right! Jus' f'r *your* saike I won't. (*Whispers behind his hand to CANADIAN.*) But wait till my brother meets 'im. (*Plays "Dead March" and "Cock o' the North" to CANADIAN. Plays the mouth-organ for a few moments. Then with a deep sigh*) I wish I 'ad a "Referee." You know. Sunday paiper. Alwa's 'as one o' Sundays. A "Referee," a packit o' fags, an' a gal on me arm.

Maybe I don't miss 'em! Not 'alf! Oh, I do wish I 'ad a "Referee."

ANNIE. Wot's that yer want?

COCKNEY. "Referee."

ANNIE. I'll see if I can get yer one.

COCKNEY. I ain't seen one abaat.

ANNIE. That don' s'y as there ain't one 'ere. I may run acrorst one. (*Goes to SCOTCHMAN's cot and takes up his tray.*)

COCKNEY. If y' do, don' f'rgit "Yours truly." (*Plays on mouth-organ.*)

ANNIE. Awright! (*Stops at cot One, and dusts rail. NEW ZEALANDER turns his back on her.*)

COCKNEY. Gi'e us a song, Annie! No one abaat.

ANNIE. Cawn't. . . . I'm busy.

COCKNEY Oh, g'wan! Doctor an' nurse's on their raands.

ANNIE. W'd y' like me to?

COCKNEY. Yaas.

ANNIE. (*Nodding to PAT*) 'E wouldn' like me to sing.

COCKNEY. Oh, 'e don' mind, so long as they ain't *Irish*. Besides, 'e mightn't wake up. (*To CANADIAN*) W't abaat you?

CANADIAN. Sure! I like that American one. First time I've heard it in Cockney.

COCKNEY. W't abaat you, New Zealand?

NEW ZEALANDER. (*Gravely*) How do you spell "holocaust"?

COCKNEY. Arst me another.

ANNIE. W'at's that word?

NEW ZEALANDER. "Holocaust."

ANNIE. (*Thinking hard*) Wait a minit. I seen it abaat somewhere. (*Spelling*) "O-l-e—k-o— (*Pause.*)—s-t!"

NEW ZEALANDER. Thank ye. I can get nearer than that meself. It begins with an "h," not a "h'o."

ANNIE. Does it? Well I'll give yer a "h." (*She tries to spell the word many ways, putting an "h" on each letter. Finally gives it up.*) You leave a vacant space. I'll arst some one as knows 'ow ter spell it.

NEW ZEALANDER. Much obliged. You can sing. I'm 'most finished.

ANNIE. Aw right! Wot'll I sing? "Weep No More"?

CANADIAN. Yes.

ANNIE. Aw right! (*To NEW ZEALANDER*) 'Ere! Stop yer writin'! This is a favour, not an obligation. (*He stops writing.*)

ANNIE. (*To COCKNEY*) Naa then, Cockney! Gi's the overture!

(*COCKNEY plays overture of "Weep No More."*)

(*CANADIAN conducts with his crutch.*)

CANADIAN. Now then, Annie!

ANNIE. (*Sings song and chorus of "Weep No More."*) At end of chorus) Naa, then, all together!

(*They all join in the chorus, somewhat inharmoniously. The COCKNEY accompanies on the mouth-organ. The CANADIAN, sustaining the last note in a very deep bass voice, long after all the others have finished.*)

ANNIE. 'Ere, 'ere! Wake up, Canada! (*He stops suddenly.*) The war's all over. (*She goes off, singing softly.*)

COCKNEY. (*Shaking the CANADIAN's hand*) Congratulations! You're awright on the bass notes.

(*At the end of the song the SCOTCHMAN, who is now ready to go out, starts hunting frantically for something. He turns up the mattress and dis-*

arranges the blankets, pillows, and water-proof sheet.)

ANNIE. *(Comes running in, takes both his hands)* 'Ere, 'ere! W'at are yer doin' of? W'at d' yer want?

SCOTCHMAN. Ma bonnet! Whaur's ma bonnet? *(Goes down threateningly to the COCKNEY.)* Whaur's ma bonnet?

COCKNEY. I ain't seen y'r bloomin' bonnit.

SCOTCHMAN. I had it this mornin'. Some o' you's taken it. *(To PAT)* Ha' you got it?

PAT. I hate the sight of it.

SCOTCHMAN. *(Excitedly to CANADIAN)* Ha' you ma bonnet?

CANADIAN. No, sir! I have not!

SCOTCHMAN. *(Shouts across cot at NEW ZEALANDER)* Whaur's that bonnet?

NEW ZEALANDER. I don't know.

ANNIE. *(Handing him khaki hat which she takes from NEW ZEALANDER'S cot)* 'Ere! Taike this! 'Ave an 'at!

SCOTCHMAN. I want ma bonnet.

ANNIE. Cawn't understand y' wantin' t' wear a bonnit, an' skirts, like a gal. Y've grown aat of it long ago. 'Ere! 'Ave a false face—— *(Handing him mask.)* 'Ere's a helmet. *(Takes CANADIAN'S helmet.)*

CANADIAN. *(Takes it from her)* No, I need it in my business.

ANNIE. 'Ere's one with a 'ole in it. Y' can s'y y' was shot at an' yer brain got in the way, and saved yer, and ye escaiped!

SCOTCHMAN. *(Almost in tears)* I want ma bonnet. I wouldna wear onything else. I brought it wi' me. I want to tak' it hame agen. *(In loud voice to the men.)* Please gie me ma bonnet. *(Then to AN-*

NIE, *almost in tears*) Please, get me ma bonnet.
(*He goes on looking for bonnet.*)

ANNIE. (*Seeing his distress*) Come on! Give 'im 'is bonnit. Y've 'ad y'r little joke. Come on! Give 'im 'is bonnit. (*To NEW ZEALANDER*) You got 'is bonnit?

NEW ZEALANDER. I ain't got it.

ANNIE. (*To CANADIAN*) Come on, w'ere's 'is bonnit?

CANADIAN. Nothin' doin'.

ANNIE. (*To PAT*) W'ere's 'is bonnit?

PAT. I don't know where it is.

ANNIE. (*To COCKNEY*) Hi! Cocky! Where's 'is bonnit? (*COCKNEY points under his bed. ANNIE, taking it from under the mattress, holds it up so that the strings dangle. To COCKNEY*) I'll 'ide yer music on yer one day. Fancy makin' another war over that! (*She runs over to cot Two and puts bonnet under waterproof sheet; then, uncovering it, calls*) Sandy! 'ere it is! They're both pink, and yer couldn't tell the difference.

SCOTCHMAN. (*Laughs and cries*) Ma bonnet! Ma preecious bonnet! (*Fondling it.*) I thoct I'd lost ye. Ma deear bonnet! (*To ANNIE*) Whaur was it?

ANNIE. Under there.

SCOTCHMAN. Ah! (*Goes back to his bed, sits on chair, and puts the bonnet on. COCKNEY, CANADIAN and NEW ZEALANDER laugh.*)

ANNIE. (*Arranging bed-clothes*) His "bonnet" means more to 'im than any o' my 'ats ever did to me. An' I 'ad one wif a feather in it.

SCOTCHMAN. (*Delighted at finding his bonnet, sings*)

"I love a lassie,
A bonnie, highland lassie,
She's as pure as the lily in the dell."

(They all chime in here, the COCKNEY with the organ.)

"She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie purple heather,
Annie, my Scotch blue-bell."

(SANDY gives a whoop at end of song.)

(During the last half of this chorus ANNIE goes off to get her pail and tray. She comes on again, trying to sing the chorus.)

ANNIE.

I love a lassie
A bonnie—er—'i'land lassie
She's as—er—pure—er—as the lily in the dell—
er—

She's as sweet as the 'eather
The bonnie purple—er——

(She stops short. The CANADIAN prompts her.)

CANADIAN. "Heather."

ANNIE. I just said "'eather." W'at, again?
Awright! "The bonnie purple 'eather"——

CANADIAN. For the love o' Mike, Annie, give us
an "h."

ANNIE. Awright! I'll pick one up on the Hannie. *(Sings)*

"Hannie, my Scotch blue-beller."

(The NURSE enters with mail, newspapers, etc.)

NURSE. *(To ANNIE)* What were you doing?

ANNIE. Nothin'.

NURSE. Were you making that noise?

ANNIE. Not all of it.

NURSE. Go on with your work. Oh! Here's a letter for you.

ANNIE. Thenk'y', Miss! Would yer mind putting it on me tray, Miss? *(Reads address as she*

starts to go.) "Annie 'Udd, 'Orspital." Cheer-oh, Cockney. (COCKNEY *plays a run on mouth-organ.*)

PAT. (*Calls to ANNIE*) Annie! Don't forget the sweets!

ANNIE. Awright!

PAT. And arrange this before you go. (*Pointing to back of chair.*)

ANNIE. I cawn't. I'll get turned out o' the 'orspital.

PAT. Lord love us, if they turned you out we'd all go on strike.

ANNIE. Awright! 'Ow do you want it, up or down?

PAT. Down.

(ANNIE *is about to adjust the chair when NURSE turns round and sees her.*)

NURSE. Now, what did I tell you about moving the men? Get some clean linen and make this bed. (*Pointing to cot.*)

ANNIE. Yaas, Miss! (*Whispers*) Good-bye, Cocky!

PAT. (*In a whisper*) Don't forget the sweets.

(ANNIE *exits*. NURSE *hands out letters, etc., amid thanks and comments. All have something except* PAT. NURSE *gives one letter to NEW ZEALANDER; second, two letters to SCOTCHMAN; third, two letters and American newspaper to CANADIAN; fourth, one letter and "Reynolds' Newspaper" to COCKNEY.*)

CANADIAN. (*Seeing postmark*) New York!

(COCKNEY *tries to tear open the wrapper with his one hand, the NURSE, seeing his difficulty—*)

NURSE. I'll open it for you.

COCKNEY. Bli' me! It's "*Reynolds's*." (*Starts to read.*)

NURSE. (*To PAT*) I'm sorry there's nothing for you.

PAT. That's all right. No one ever writes to me. (*Pause*) An' I never write to any one either. It saves a lot of trouble on both sides.

NURSE. But I have a package for you. (*Gives him package, then goes to cot One.*)

COCKNEY. (*To PAT*) W'at, oh! Choc'lits?

PAT. (*Quickly unpacks box to find they are oranges*) My God! (*Throws box on cot. They all laugh.*)

NURSE. It's time for your airing.

COCKNEY. Awright, Miss!

(*NURSE is about to help NEW ZEALANDER from cot.*)

NEW ZEALANDER. Never mind, Sister! I'm getting on fine.

NURSE. (*Goes to COCKNEY'S cot. Speaks to SANDY as she passes.*) Help him, please!

NEW ZEALANDER. (*Meets SANDY as he comes to foot of his cot. SANDY is carrying his comfort-bag.*) Good-bye, Sandy, old man! I shall soon be with yer again. All among the whizz-bangs and the pip-squeaks. (*They go off arm in arm.*)

CANADIAN. (*Hopping after them with the aid of his crutch*) Here! Wait a minute, Sandy! I want to say good-bye to you.

NURSE. (*To COCKNEY*) You can read that outside.

COCKNEY. Yaas, Miss!

NURSE. Come on, Pat.

PAT. I'd rather stay here.

NURSE. Oh, no. You must get some sunshine and air. I'll wheel you.

COCKNEY. Le' me! I a'ways do, y' know.

NURSE. Thank you! Did you get your "Woodbine" cigarettes?

COCKNEY. Yaas, Miss! In me pockit. (NURSE goes off into next ward. To PAT) 'Ere! 'Old this! (Gives him "Reynolds's" to hold.)

PAT. I'd rather stay here.

COCKNEY. Naa, if you say another word I'll 'it yer, see? (He playfully puts his fist against PAT's face and laughs. Starts wheeling PAT off L. and sings)

"So 'old yer 'and aat, naughty boy!
'Old yer 'and aat, y' naughty boy!
Last night, in the pale moonlight,
I saw yer! I saw yer!
With a nice girl in the park;
You were strollin' full o' joy,
And ye told 'er ye never kissed a girl before;
'Old yer 'and out, y' naughty boy!"

(On each "I saw yer" he makes a little hop, and is just out of sight at the end of the song.)

(ANNIE comes in, carrying two clean sheets and pillow cases and some loose chocolates. She places PAT's pillow at foot of bed, over the box of oranges, and lays out six chocolates on it. She goes to cot Two, imitating COCKNEY in his song and hop, and starts to make up the bed. As she does this she sings all the COCKNEY ditties she can think of. The bed is nearly made when she hears the DOCTOR coming. She runs to PAT's cot and covers up the chocolates just as the DOCTOR enters.)

DOCTOR. (Genially) Well, and how is "Nurse" Annie?

ANNIE. I wish I was "Nurse" Annie.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't be in a hurry.

ANNIE. D' y' think I ever *will* be?

DR. HANWELL. There's no reason why you shouldn't. Just now you must be content to do what you can.

ANNIE. (*Quickly*) Oh, I'm content, sir. Reely, I am. An' 'appy, too. 'Appier 'n I've ever bin, or thought of being.

DR. HANWELL. That's right. Not "haunted" any more?

ANNIE. No, sir. (*Smiles sheepishly.*) "Cheery" Annie, they calls me 'ere.

DR. HANWELL. Good!

ANNIE. I keep their minds orf themselves. Yaas, sir. I'm doing jes' w'at I used t' dream abaat, an' think abaat—workin' f'r the soljers, doin' somethin' f'r them, bein' *near* 'em. It's not much I'm doin'. Still, it is somethin'. (*Smiles wistfully.*) 'Course, I saw meself with a uniform an' a crosse all red acrosse me chest. I would like to be a nurse in a real uniform. It'd be fine to go back t' Camden Taan like one o' them titled ladies y' see in the illustrated paipers. . . . Mother an' Liz would stare, an' no mistake.

DR. HANWELL. What do you hear from them?

ANNIE. 'Erb's gorn.

DR. HANWELL. 'Erb?

ANNIE. My brother. You know! 'E's 'listed. I've just 'ad a letter from mother. 'E went orf the very d'y I left. 'Course 'e ain't fightin' yet! Just trainin'. Oh, an' mother! *She's* goin' t' do somethin'.

DR. HANWELL. Isn't that splendid? What?

ANNIE. She don' s'y w'at. She just says, "Somethin'," she says. I 'xpec' she'd bin 'avin' a little drop o' comfort. Still, she writes very cheerful. Not orf'n she's cheerful. Gin's a depressin' sperrit, ain't it?

DR. HANWELL. Very.

ANNIE. Oh, an' she says Lizzie's—my sister, you know—Lizzie's willin' t' maikê war-stuff if they p'y 'er better'n she's gettin'.

DR. HANWELL. Good!

ANNIE. So, taikê it all in all, aar fem'ly's doin' aar bit.

DR. HANWELL. Yes—indeed! (*Laughing genially and taking out cigarette case.*) You seem to have stirred them all up.

ANNIE. (*Eyeing the cigarettes*) Yaas, sir. An' Camden Taan taikê a bit o' stirrin', I can tell y'.

DR. HANWELL. I suppose so.

ANNIE. (*Suddenly stops making bed. Pointing to cigarettes*) Are they 'Gyptian?

DR. HANWELL. Yes.

ANNIE. Can y' spare one?

DR. HANWELL. (*Astonished*) Do you smoke?

ANNIE. (*Evasively*) Oh, I won' s'y I do an' I won' s'y I don't. But I would like one—if y' don' mind. (*DR. HANWELL holds out the case amusedly. ANNIE takes one.*) Sure y' can spare it?

DR. HANWELL. Oh, yes. (*Going to close the case.*)

ANNIE. Could I 'ave another?

DR. HANWELL. Certainly. (*Holds out the case again and amusedly watches her take another.*)

ANNIE. Thank ye, sir.

DR. HANWELL. You have expensive tastes.

ANNIE. (*Holding the two cigarettes gingerly in her fingers*) Yaas, sir.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't smoke on duty.

ANNIE. Oh, no, sir. Not me. (*Goes on with her work.*)

DR. HANWELL. (*Just about to go out, remembering, turns back*) By the way, that reminds me. I've had some complaints about you.

ANNIE. (*Startled*) Complaints? Abaat me?

DR. HANWELL. Yes.

ANNIE. (*Her eyes filling*) I do me bes', sir.

DR. HANWELL. It isn't about your *work*.

ANNIE. W'at is it, then?

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't go near the men so much. You can *speak* to them, of course. But you mustn't *touch* them. Only *nurses* are allowed to do that.

ANNIE. Oh, but I don't orf'en.

DR. HANWELL. But——

ANNIE. On'y w'en no one's bin near.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't at any time.

ANNIE. Sometimes they cry aat f'r somethin'—water, or an orange, or to 'elp 'em move w'en they ain't able to by theirselves. I on'y moved Brown 'cos 'is shoulder 'ad gorn to sleep. Yer know, y' cawn't git yer eyes to sleep if yer shoulder does it first.

DR. HANWELL. You must leave that to the nurses.

ANNIE. But if she ain't there?

DR. HANWELL. Bring her.

ANNIE. It ain't much that I do, reely it ain't.

DR. HANWELL. It might be very serious. Supposing the man shouldn't have water or an orange? Suppose it was the worst thing he could possibly have?

ANNIE. (*Discouraged*) I see, sir.

DR. HANWELL. And many cases must not be *moved*. The bandages may slip. It might be very serious.

ANNIE. Yaas, sir.

DR. HANWELL. I don't like having complaints. You must obey the rules.

ANNIE. (*Earnestly*) Oh, I do. Indeed I do. I fetch an' carry an' wash up an' mend all d'y. (*With a wan smile.*) W'enever I've touched 'em, or give 'em anythin', it's bin a bit of extry.

DR. HANWELL. You must deny yourself "*ex-*

tras." The only way you can hope to get on is by scrupulously *obeying*.

ANNIE. (*Disconsolately*) All right, sir. I will.

DR. HANWELL. Now don't get "Haunted" again.

ANNIE. (*Brightening*) I won't.

DR. HANWELL. Discipline, my girl. Discipline.

ANNIE. (*Nodding intelligently*) I know. Same as the soljers. We're *all* soljers aat 'ere, ain't we?

DR. HANWELL. We are. And we must all obey the superior command. That's the only way to win.

ANNIE. (*Determinedly*) An' we *are* goin' t' win?

DR. HANWELL. Yes.

ANNIE. We got to win, bli' me!

DR. HANWELL. So no more complaints, Annie.

ANNIE. No, sir.

DR. HANWELL. Be a good girl. (*Walks away.*)

ANNIE. (*Hurrying after him*) Doctor, can I 'ave a cigar?

DR. HANWELL. (*Turns back to her*) Now don't tell me you smoke cigars?

ANNIE. No, sir. But I like to 'ave one 'andy.

DR. HANWELL. Why?

ANNIE. Oh, jus' becos.

DR. HANWELL. (*Looking at her sternly*) Whom do you want it for?

ANNIE. Won't git 'im into trouble?

DR. HANWELL. No.

ANNIE. (*Points to cot*) The Canadian. 'E wants one somethin' awful.

DR. HANWELL. Now, there's another instance. It might be the worst thing for him. You must say *whom* you want these things for.

ANNIE. It couldn't 'urt 'im. 'E's a big feller.

DR. HANWELL. That doesn't matter. You must ask.

ANNIE. Well, I 'ave asked. May 'e 'ave one?

DR. HANWELL. (*He holds open case. She takes one.*) Yes.

ANNIE. My, they *are* big, ain't they? Have you got a black one?

DR. HANWELL. Here, try this one.

ANNIE. Oh, that's brown, too.

DR. HANWELL. Here's another one.

ANNIE. Oh, they will last him an awful long time.

DR. HANWELL. I'll send him round some. But, remember, always *ask*.

ANNIE. I will. An' thenk y', sir.

DR. HANWELL. (*Struck by a thought*) Annie!

ANNIE. Yaas, sir.

DR. HANWELL. You don't want those cigarettes for yourself—do you?

ANNIE. (*Evasively*) Well, y' see—— (*Picks up cigarettes and cigars quickly.*)

DR. HANWELL. Whom are you collecting *them* for?

ANNIE. (*Frightened*) The New Zealander, Bates.

DR. HANWELL. Why did you say you wanted them for yourself?

ANNIE. (*Faintly*) I thought p'r'aps y' mightn't let me 'ave 'em if y' knew. (*Pause—DR. HANWELL looks sternly at her.*) It won't 'appen ag'in, sir.

DR. HANWELL. I hope not.

ANNIE. May 'e 'ave 'em, sir?

DR. HANWELL. Yes .

ANNIE. Thenk y'! Won't 'appen ag'in! Doctor, I've got three cigars; can I 'ave another cigarette? (*He gives her one more cigarette—he is about to go off.*) Thenk yer, sir! Won't 'appen ag'in! (*Runs to NEW ZEALANDER'S cot, gets pen and paper.*) Would yer mind writing a word down for me?

DR. HANWELL. (*Taking the pen and paper*) What is the word?

ANNIE. "Olecorst."

DR. HANWELL. (*Looks at her and smiles*) Who's this for?

ANNIE. The New Zealander, Bates. That won't 'urt 'im, will it?

DR. HANWELL. Not on paper. (*He writes the word and shakes the fountain pen. Some ink spurts onto the floor.*)

ANNIE. That's w'y they call 'em fountain pens, ain't it?

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiles and gives her pen and paper. She puts them on NEW ZEALANDER'S table.*) Have you any other friends with any little idiosyncrasies?

ANNIE. (*Shocked—not understanding*) Oh, no, sir. Nothin' like that in *this* ward, sir.

NURSE. (*Enters*) Two fresh cases, Doctor. (*She gives the DOCTOR two fever charts. To ANNIE*) Turn down those covers and remove the pillows.

(ANNIE moves the table R. of cot Three back a little. Puts pillows from cot Three on chair, then takes the clothes off and holds them up at foot of cot. They lay the stretcher on the empty cot, Three, guided by the NURSE. ANNIE replaces covers. Two other BEARERS carry on another case and, by the NURSE'S order, place the stretcher on the cot vacated by the SCOTCHMAN. The NURSE has removed the pillows and is standing with bed clothes at foot of cot Two. The men are put in the beds very carefully, and the covers drawn over them. DR. HANWELL dismisses the two BEARERS, and, with the NURSE, arranges the men in the most comfortable positions. One is bandaged across the head. The other has his arm bound, and his back and chest bandaged. As the two BEARERS pass out, ANNIE touches the last one timidly. He stops.)

ANNIE. (*In a whisper, pointing to a paper half out of his pocket*) Is that the "Referee"?

BEARER. Yes.

ANNIE. Can I 'ave it?

BEARER. *(Cheerfully)* All right! *(Takes it out and gives it to her.)*

ANNIE. *(Very pleased)* I'm much obliged. *(Runs across and places "Referee" on COCKNEY'S cot. BEARER joins the other BEARER. They pass out.)*

DR. HANWELL. They've both had opiates?

NURSE. Yes, sir.

DR. HANWELL. *(Continuing conversation with the NURSE and moving away, the NURSE following.)* Come across with me, and I'll give them to you. *(Stops when he sees ANNIE.)* Stay here until the nurse comes back. *(Hurries out.)*

NURSE. *(Severely, to ANNIE)* And don't speak to them—or touch them. They mustn't be wakened or moved.

ANNIE. I know, miss. I won't.

(NURSE rapidly follows the DOCTOR out. ANNIE looks in awe and pity at the two men. The one in No. Two is lying with his head away from her. No. Three is perfectly motionless, too, lying flat on his back. ANNIE gives a little shiver, then goes to the NEW ZEALANDER'S cot and puts the cigarettes, with the scrap of note paper, on his pillow. She looks at the men as she passes, and hurriedly puts the cigars on the CANADIAN'S pillow. The man in No. Three suddenly begins to speak in his delirium—he counts continually.)

NO. THREE. *(In delirium)* One—two—three—four—charge! *(His voice rises as he mechanically goes on counting.)*

(ANNIE walks over nervously and looks down at

him. She is going to touch him, but checks herself. She looks off worriedly in the direction in which the NURSE went, as though anxious for her return. No. Three's voice rises louder and louder. ANNIE tries to read the "Referee," so as to resist the temptation to help the man. She even walks over with it to the COCKNEY'S cot, and puts it on his pillow. Finally, as no one comes, and unable to stand the ceaseless monotony of the man counting, she goes timidly to him, takes his hand, and begins to stroke it, singing, "Rock-a-by, Baiby." Gradually the man's voice gets lower and lower, then fades away. ANNIE stops the lullaby and stands looking down at him. Suddenly the man in No. Two struggles up with a groan, gives a cry, and falls forward. ANNIE springs up and puts him back on the pillow, then stares at him in mute, helpless horror. The NURSE hurries back with some medical packages, and catches ANNIE in the act.)

NURSE. What do you mean by touching that man?

ANNIE. (*Wildly*) 'E—'e—'e—— (*Her hands beating the air helplessly.*)

NURSE. This is the last time. You will not be allowed near the men again. Leave the ward!

ANNIE. (*Trying to speak articulately—glaring wild-eyed at the man*) 'E was—'e was—'e was—

(DR. HANWELL hurries in.)

DR. HANWELL. What was that?

NURSE. She's been doing it again. I found her pulling that man about on his pillow, after our strict instructions. You said he was not to be touched.

DR. HANWELL. I did.

NURSE. She's not to be trusted near these people.
(To ANNIE) Leave the ward.

ANNIE. (*Finds her voice, and screams vehemently and wildly*) 'E's my man—my sweet'eart—an' I'm not t' touch 'im! I'm t' be sent aw'y! 'E went becos I arst 'im to, an' naa 'e's there dyin', an' I'm not t' touch 'im! I'm t' go! W'at 'ave I done? W'at any one would do! Not touch 'em! (*Points to No. Three distractedly.*) Look at 'im! Screamin' aat in 'is sleep, an' I stroked 'im an' sang 'im quiet. (To NURSE) Not touch 'em! I wouldn't 'urt any of 'em. They're *God's* men. That's w'at they are. Can any man do more'n they 'ave? 'E's my man—my sweet'eart!

DR. HANWELL. (*Trying to soothe her*) Quiet! Quiet! Tell me exactly what you did.

ANNIE. (*Breathless—crying distractedly*) 'E cried aat an' fell forward, an' I 'elped 'im back, saime as 'e is naa. An' I sawr 'oo 'e was, an' I was 'oldin' 'im, 'ardly believin' it, w'en she come in an' saw me, an' said I was t' leave the ward. I sent 'im t' the war, an' I'm not t' touch 'im!

DR. HANWELL. In this instance you were perfectly right. From now, he will be your especial care. See that he never plunges forward again. He must be watched continually, and kept just as he is. Don't allow him, under any circumstances, to fall forward, or he may have a hemorrhage. You needn't leave the ward. From now on, you are an assistant-nurse.

ANNIE. (*Dazed—half-hysterical*) Doctor!

DR. HANWELL. Yes. And don't let him speak.

ANNIE. (*Whispering*) I won't, sir.

DR. HANWELL. No excitement.

ANNIE. I know 'ow t' 'andle 'im, sir. (*Looking down at him.*)

DR. HANWELL. (*Going to cot Three*) He's been talking?

ANNIE. Countin', sir. "One—two—three—four—Charge!" Time an' time ag'in!

DR. HANWELL. (*Nods understandingly as he looks down at the man*) I see. He goes through it all up to the time he was hit. You sang to him?

ANNIE. (*Nods*) A baiby song. It used to quiet mother—when she was 'urt.

DR. HANWELL. Take your instructions from her. From now you're her assistant. (*ANNIE gulps and half sobs—and nods. She cannot speak.*)

NURSE. (*To ANNIE, in a kindly voice*) I'm sorry! I didn't know when I spoke to you—(*Puts her hand on ANNIE's shoulder.*)

ANNIE. (*Huskily*) Aw right, miss!

NURSE. Take care of them for a few minutes. You seem to know how. (*She hurries out.*)

ANNIE. (*DR. HANWELL goes back to cot Two and listens to the man's breathing. She asks, wild-eyed and anxious*) Will 'e—will 'e die, sir?

DR. HANWELL. Certainly not!

ANNIE. (*Her hand goes to her mouth and stifles a cry.*) Oh! Will 'e live?

DR. HANWELL. Of course he will. We must keep him asleep. Nature is fighting for him now. He has everything on his side. How old is he?

ANNIE. Twen'y-four, sir.

DR. HANWELL. He'll live many more years. (*Smiling.*) It will be a very happy waking for him. But—(*Warning her*)—no fuss!

ANNIE. I know 'ow to 'andle him—

DR. HANWELL. You're a good girl, Annie.

ANNIE. (*Huskily*) You're a fine man, sir!

(*DR. HANWELL goes out. ANNIE looks down at her man—resists the inclination to touch him—sits between the two beds—thinks, takes off her apron and folds it up and puts it under the chair—then takes from her bosom a little crumpled*

nurse's cap, smooths it out, and puts it on. The man in No. Three begins to count faintly—she looks at him—then at No. Two—who stirs uneasily. The man's counting grows louder. She stands up—irresolutely looking from one cot to the other—and without leaving her sweetheart's side, begins to croon "Rock-a-by, Baiby." The man's voice rises louder and louder. She sees that she must go to him if she is to quiet him. She nerves herself to leave her lover's cot—goes to the troubled man, and closing her eyes with an effort she sings as she did before and strokes his hand. In a little while the man's voice begins to soften. He is still. She gives a great sigh of relief, and goes back and sits and watches her lover. The sound of voices quite near is heard, and the men appear, returning from their airing. COCKNEY comes in first, wheeling PAT, followed by CANADIAN, SCOTCHMAN and NEW ZEALANDER. She motions them to be quiet, and points to the two new cases. They nod and creep in. The COCKNEY noiselessly wheels PAT over to his place. As the NEW ZEALANDER sits down by his cot he sees the cigarettes—gives an ejaculation, picks up one—lights it—and inhales with evident satisfaction. Then the COCKNEY finds the "Refere" and cries under his breath, "Bli' me!"—throws himself full length on the coverlet and, turning to the middle page, eagerly reads the sporting items. Then the CANADIAN finds the cigars, gives a little cry—bites the end off one, lights it, and starts smoking—his face beaming. Lastly, PAT, frowningly, looking around, sees the chocolates on his pillow. He takes them up suspiciously—slowly a broad smile creases his features. He takes a chocolate and devours it. The COCKNEY looks at ANNIE—and points her out to CANA-

DIAN *and the others, touching his head to indicate the nurse's cap.*)

CANADIAN. (*In a whisper*) Annie, w'at's thet fer?

ANNIE. (*In a whisper*) I've got a right t' wear it.

CANADIAN. (*Whispering*) W'at? Are y' a nurse?

ANNIE. (*Solemnly and proudly*) Yaas, I'm has-sistant nurse.

END OF PART II

PART III
"REVELATION"

"REVELATION"

DIVISION ONE

SCENE: MRS. HUDD'S *rooms*.

MRS. HUDD'S *living-room* has been considerably brightened. It is cleaner and neater. Many new dishes have been added to the dresser. A good-sized mirror and a clock adorn the walls. The table has on it a brightly coloured cloth.

It is night. The room is lit by two lamps, one on the table and one on the dresser. There is a gas-jet in the hallway.

(The door opens and PRIVATE HUDD, in uniform, looks in. His face is tanned by the sun and wind, and he is attempting to grow a somewhat anaemic moustache. Finding the room empty he turns and beckons.)

'ERB. Come in! (MR. MONTAGUE MARSH *enters, very much better dressed than when we last saw him. He is carrying a new hat and cane, and is gloved.*) Sit daan! (*Goes into inner room, calling out boisterously and singing.*)

'Ere we are!

'Ere we are!

'Ere we are again!

'Ello, Ma! W'at oh, Liz!

(His mother and sister can be heard greeting him.)

MRS. HUDD. (*Affectionately*) W'y, 'Erb!

LIZZIE. (*With no enthusiasm*) 'Ello.

'ERB. Go in an' see 'oo I've brought y'.

LIZZIE. 'Oo?

'ERB. Go in an' see.

LIZZIE. We're not 'avin' visitors ju't naa.

'ERB. (*Pushing her into the room*) Ga'n in.
(*He closes the door.*)

LIZZIE. 'Ere! 'Oo yer shoving of?

(*LIZZIE, much more quietly dressed, and far more acerb of manner, comes in suspiciously and looks at MONTE disgustedly.*)

LIZZIE. Monte! (*About to go out again.*)

MONTE. Liz—Miss 'Udd—

LIZZIE. W'at brought y' 'ere?

MONTE. 'E did. I 'appened t' meet 'Erb—Private 'Udd, 'e likes isselt t' be called naa—met 'im yes'd'y arft'noon, an' we 'ad a bit of a chin. An' 'e said, "Come on 'ome wi' me t'morrer," 'e said. "T'morrer evenin'," 'e said. An' I said, "No"; I said "No." An' e' said, "Yes"; 'e said, "Y' got to." So I come. I 'ear the *doll*-chap's gorn?

LIZZIE. 'Oo told y'?

MONTE. 'Erb.

LIZZIE. Like 'is cheek!

MONTE. Trav'lin' men ain't no good. Got a gal in ev'ry taan. Nothin' like a real stand-by. Y' know w'ere 'e maikes 'is 'ome.

LIZZIE. Yaas. Woolwich!

MONTE. An' very nice, too. W'at abaat it, Liz—Miss 'Udd? It's there, waitin' f'r y'.

LIZZIE. No fear! Not with all I've got on me mind!

MONTE. Oh!

LIZZIE. I'm 'elpin' the Gov'm'nt naa.

MONTE. I know—munitions.

LIZZIE. Yaas. W'en I've pulled them through I'll see abaat you—an' Woolwich.

MONTE. (*Going to her joyfully*) Oh, Liz—Miss 'Udd!

LIZZIE. Aw right naa. Taike y'r time!

MONTE. Then I m'y 'ope?

LIZZIE. The's no lawr ag'in 'oping.

MONTE. (*With a deep breath*) Ah! I thought y' loved me.

LIZZIE. Loved y'? (*Laughs sneeringly.*) The's not much love in Camden Taan.

MONTE. (*Fervently*) There is—in Woolwich—lots of it. Will y' walk aat ag'in?

LIZZIE. The's no 'urry. Wait till I've done me job. Cawn't think o' marriage wi' the war on.

'ERB. (*From inner room*) Come on, Ma!

MRS. HUDD. (*From inner room*) Aw right, dearie.

LIZZIE. An', see! Nothin' t' ma, or 'Erb, or it's all orf.

MONTE. Aw right, Liz! Then I m'y come araand an' taike y' aat?

LIZZIE. I s'pose so.

MONTE. I do feel 'appy.

LIZZIE. Don' taike much t' maike y' 'appy! Do it?

MONTE. It taikes you.

LIZZIE. Y' ain't got me yet.

MONTE. G'wan! (*Playfully slapping her.*) Yaas, I 'ave.

LIZZIE. (*Slapping him quite hard*) No, y' ain't.

MONTE. (*Slapping her again*) Oh, yaas, I 'ave.

LIZZIE. (*Hitting him on the face*) I s'y you ain't.

(*'ERB quietly opens the door and brings in his mother —they both see the blows.*)

'ERB. W'y, they're a-ittin' of each other. They mus' be engaged.

LIZZIE. (*Angrily*) Not yet, I ain't.

'ERB. But y're goin' to be. I know 'ow y' maikes love. I've seen y'. (*To MONTE*) The 'arder she 'its, the more she cares. (*To LIZZIE*) Ga on! Give 'im a good un.

LIZZIE. (*Furiously*) Oh, le' me alone! (*Goes away.*)

MRS. HUDD. (*Very respectably dressed, her hair nicely done, and her whole manner very much improved, shakes hands with MONTE*) Very glad, I'm sure!

MONTE. It's a treat t' see y', Mrs. 'Udd.

'ERB. So you're workin' reg'lar, eh?

MRS. HUDD. (*In a very superior manner*) Yaas. 'Erb. Light, but steady! I hopens the door at an 'orspital.

'ERB. An' Liz is makin' shells, eh?

LIZZIE. An' w'y shouldn't I? They p'ys me well.

'ERB. My Gawd! 'Ow the money rolls in! Liz maikes the shells! Monte maikes the guns! I'm goin' aat t' fire 'em! Mother opens the door at the 'orspital! An' sister Annie nurses 'em! W'at oh, the 'Udds! (*Sings*)

"'Ere we are!

'Ere we are!

'Ere we are ag'in!"

(*To LIZZIE*) S'y, I've got a little treat f'r y' t'night.

LIZZIE. (*Brightening*) The theaytre?

'ERB. Naow. Better'n thet.

LIZZIE. W'at?

'ERB. A recruitin' meetin'.

LIZZIE. (*Disgustedly*) Oh! Not f'r me!

'ERB. 'Oo d'y think's goin' t' speak?

LIZZIE. 'Oo? Lloy' George?

'ERB. Naow, Annie!

LIZZIE. Annie? Annie speak?

'ERB. Yaas.

LIZZIE. Oh, my Gawd!

'ERB. Don't y' maike no mistake! She *can*.

LIZZIE. (*Laughs disdainfully*) Ha!

MRS. HUDD. An' w'y not? W'y shouldn't she speak? Ain't she *my* daughter?

LIZZIE. Yaas. Thet's *w'y*!

MRS. HUDD. (*To MONTE*) Me pore gran'father could speak for howers without a heffort w'en 'e was in the 'Ouse of Commons. For howers without a heffort.

LIZZIE. *W'ere?*

MRS. HUDD. (*With great dignity*) In the 'Ouse of Commons! An' the 'ole country a-waitin' to 'ear 'wat 'e said!

LIZZIE. 'Erb! She's orf ag'in!

'ERB. 'Course, I never seed 'im, but from all I 'ear, your poor old gran'father must 'a' bin a bit of *all* right.

MRS. HUDD. Mr. Marsh?

MONTE. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. HUDD. Did y' ever 'ear o' my pore ole gran'-father?

MONTE. I must 'ave. W'at was 'is naime?

MRS. HUDD. 'Is naime was Boyle. Y' see, me *married* naime's 'Udd, but I'm really a Boyle on me mother's *side*. Oh, 'e could *talk*. O, my Gord; 'ow he could talk! W'y, many's the time with *thousands* o' people 'e'd——

'ERB. Aw right, Ma! Git y'r bonnit on, an' y'r shawl. We got a long w'y to go.

MRS. HUDD. H'all right, dearie! But don't y' maike no mistaike abaat *Annie*. She's not my daughter f'r nothink. (*To MONTE*) D' y' know she's a fully *sterrified* nurse?

MONTE. Go on, ma'am, is she?

'ERB. *Certified*, she means.

MRS. HUDD. Very glad yer goin' ter join the 'Udd family.

'ERB. Come on, 'urry up, Ma! It's goin' t' be a graise meetin'. (*Passes her across to the door. She goes out.* 'ERB, closing the door after her, sings, "'Ere we are ag'in.") Pore ol' Ma! An' Gran'-father! Come on, Liz! Put y'r duds on!

LIZZIE. I don't care abaat goin'.

MONTE. (*Jumping at the opportunity*) Nor do I. Tell y' w'at! I'll st'y 'ere with you.

'ERB. (*Threateningly*) W'at's thet? You st'y 'ere wi' Liz? Not if I knows it, y' won't!

LIZZIE. Never you mind abaat 'is st'yin'! Rather 'n that, I'd 'ear Annie speak. I'll go. (*Takes her hat and coat from nail on side of dresser.*)

'ERB. (*Glaring at MONTE*) Not so much of the "Stay 'ere with Liz" stuff! You come along with me. See?

MONTE. Aw right, 'Erb! Didn't mean nothin'. (*Thoroughly cowed.*)

'ERB. I should think not, indeed. S'y, Lizzie! Don' tell ma yet. I'm goin' aat nex' week.

LIZZIE. W'ere?

'ERB. Aat there.

LIZZIE. Are y'? (*Indifferently.*)

'ERB. Yaas. An' mebbe I ain't glad! Nat 'alf! I'm sick o' marchin' abaat an' stickin' bags with a bay'nit. I want t' stick some o' them blighters. W'at oh!

LIZZIE. Oh, my! Ain't we savige! Y' wasn't so anxious a w'ile ago.

'ERB. Well, I am naa. See?

LIZZIE. (*Sneeringly*) 'Cos y' was ashaimed. Annie maide y' ashaimed.

'ERB. An' w'at if she did?

LIZZIE. Oh! Annie!

'ERB. She's done well—ain't she?

LIZZIE. So she says. We ain't seen 'er.

'ERB. 'Cos she ain't 'ad a chance t' come. (*To MONTE*) She's bin maikin' speeches all raan' the country. This is 'er firs' night in London. 'Ope *I* does as well as *she* 'as. 'Taint every one can go aat as *she* did an' 'come back an' maike speeches.

LIZZIE. 'Er maikin' speeches! She don' know no more words 'n *I* do.

'ERB. She can *use* w'at she's got. (*To MONTE*) She's bin recruitin' all daan from Liverpool, an' pull-in' 'em in, d'y an' night. W'y, one place she got *two*—an' they didn't even know there was a war on. She's wot the paipers calls a—'yptonist—

MONTE. Oh, indeed—is that so?

'ERB. You know! Kind o' sends y' t' sleep, an' we'n y' waikes up y're in the army. Thet's w'at *she* does.

LIZZIE. Oh! *Annie!* Gives me a pain!

'ERB. Y' wouldn't think they was sisters, would y'?

MONTE. (*Frightenedly*) Oh, I dunno.

LIZZIE. Yaas, y' do! W'y don't y' own up? W'at do *I* care if she is a nurse?

'ERB. She's *jealous*. Thet's what she is.

LIZZIE. *Me?*

'ERB. Yaas.

LIZZIE. Jealous of *Annie?*

'ERB. Thet's w'at I said.

LIZZIE. (*Furiously to MONTE*) 'Ere, wot d' you think?

MONTE. (*Alarmed*) Well, er—— Why, er—— Y' know, er—— (*Stops.*)

LIZZIE. (*Imitating him*) Well, er—— Why, er—— You know, er—— W'at kind o' talk is thet? (*Turns to 'ERB.*) W'y, Annie's——

'ERB. (*Seriously*) 'Ere! Thet's enough o' thet! See? She's our sister. And I'm praad of it. *France* 'ad a Joan of Harc! Aw right, then. *We've* got a Annie 'Udd! She showed me w'at for. An' I've

never bin 'appier f'r anythin' I've done than I've bin f'r inlistin'. See? Not even w'en I won me first fight! Yaas! An' this is a bigger fight 'n thet. I'm goin' to 'it the fellers I 'ates—not me own kind. Thet's w'at she said. See? An' I can look people str'ight in the faice naa as I walks daan the street. An' they looks at me in these 'ere—(*Pointing to his uniform*)—as if they was praad o' me. An' I'm praad o' meself. Thet's Annie's doin'. So you jes' shut up talkin' ag'in' 'er. See?

LIZZIE. (*Turning away, a little ashamed*) Oh!

'ERB. (*Watches her—then goes to her and puts his hand on her shoulder*) Liz! Liz! I didn't mean t'—

LIZZIE. (*Distractedly*) Oh! Lea'e me alone, cawn't y'? Annie! Annie! Annie! Jes' becos she sneaked 'er w'y inter bein' a nurse!

(*MRS. HUDD comes in with her bonnet and shawl. She is carrying a familiar, large black bottle.*)

'ERB. 'Ere we are, Ma! (*Sees the bottle.*) W'at oh! A little drop o' "the old," eh? (*Takes the bottle, gives a cry, puts it down quickly on the table, and wrings his fingers.*) Bli' me! W'at's in the bottle?

MRS. HUDD. 'Ot water, dearie.

'ERB. 'Ot water?

MRS. HUDD. Yaas. So good f'r the 'eart, y' know. The pore doctor hordered it with 'is larst breath.

'ERB. What? Are y' givin' up the "Velvet"?

MRS. HUDD. Yaas, 'Erb. I are.

'ERB. F'r hevèr?

MRS. HUDD. No, hindeed! F'r the duration o' the war. We all got t' give up somethin'. So I give hit up. You don't think it will be a long war, do you, 'Erb?

'ERB. Not w'en some of us gets out there——
(*Digging her playfully in the ribs.*) You're all right,
you are! 'Ere, Monte, look slippy. (MONTE goes
up to the door.) Put that aat, Liz. (*Pointing to
lamp on dresser, which LIZZIE turns out. MONTE
opens door.*) 'Ere y' are, Ma. You'd better take
the bottle—you got your gloves on.

LIZZIE. (*As they go to outer door*) Fine evenin'
this is goin' to be! Annie! (*Pushes her way past
MONTE and MRS. HUDD and goes out.*)

MRS. HUDD. My pore gran'farther——

LIZZIE. Oh, gran'farther me' at! (*Opening the
outer door.*)

MRS. HUDD. (*To MONTE as they go out into the
street*) 'E was w'at they calls a nachral horator!

'ERB. (*Leaves the inner door open, turns the gas
in the corridor down to half-strength, and goes to the
outside of the outer door.*) Raan' t' the right!
(*Bangs the outer door.*) Keep on the paivement,
Ma. An' mind y'r bottle!

END OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF PART THREE

DIVISION TWO

A Public Place

THE NURSE



Courtesy of White Studio

THE NURSE

"REVELATION"

DIVISION TWO

The scene represents the base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, London, at night. In the distance are street lamps dimly lighted.

ANNIE stands on the plinth at the base of the column in the costume of a fully qualified Red Cross Nurse.

Below her, and in front of her, is a crowd.

As the curtain rises the crowd is cheering ANNIE.

ANNIE. It's funny, me standin' up 'ere maikin' speeches! I ain't got much o' w'at y' call a—v'cab-yerlerry, but I've faand it ain't alwa's the biggest words as maikes big things clear. A simple talk is best understood by simple people, ain't it? Y' tell 'ow y'r feller loves y' by the w'y 'e looks at y', not by w'at 'e says. Y' know a frien's a frien' by the hatmosphere thet's maide w'en you're together. An' so I want y' t' *see* love f'r me own kind in me eyes as I speak, an' I want y' t' *feel* a hatmosphere o' frien's—like even w'en I arsts y' t' go aat there an' p'r'aps git killed—w'ich don' seem hixac'ly frien'ly, do it? I ain't f'r war. But I carn' see w'at you're goin' t' do w'en y'r country's in it except 'elp y'r country. If you 'old back, you're 'elpin' the enemy, ain't y'? There ain't no other w'y o' figgerin'. Naa, suppose y' don' go aat. "No," y' says t' y'rself. "Hi got me wife an' kids. Hi got me shop." Very well! I'll talk yo're kind o' talk. If the henemy ever gits 'ere d' y' fink 'e'll let y' keep y'r shop? No, young

feller-me-lad. They need it t' maike up f'r the shops they lef' be'ind. An' they'll taik it if y' don't 'elp t' keep 'em aat o' y'r country. An' y'r wife an' kids! So 'elp me! If y'd seen w'at *I've* seen an' knoo w'at *I* know, y' wouldn't 'old back. Y' wouldn't wait f'r 'em t' come into England. Y'd be willin' t' go aat an' fight 'em wiv y'r fem'ly miles be'ind y' in their 'omes, instead o' waitin' till the henemy comes over 'ere an' knocks y'r fem'ly abaat, an' y' 'ave t' fight by y'rself—wiv no charnce o' success, instead o' wiv thaasan's o' y'r own kind to 'elp y'. An' w'en it's over, w'y, y' won't know w'ere to go f'r comp'ny—unless y' maik up a batallion called "The Never-Do-Nothin'-f'r-Nobodies," an' all stick t'gether in a dark corner. 'Cos y' ain't goin' t' be aible t' 'sociate wiv the lads y' knoo afore the war. They're gorn way beyond you, 'cos they've realized thet w'en y' s'y "My Country" y' don't mean the so-many miles o' dirt thet's called Hingland or Hamerica, or w'at-ever country y' appen t' belong t'. "*Your Country*" means your right t' live hindependent on those miles o' dirt—hindependent in y'r bizniss, y'r religion, an' y'r fem'ly.

The bes' thing t' do naa is t' join the army an' pectect y' wife an' y'r kids an' y'r shop. After the war, w'en men realize thet the honly thing as can be pectected t' stand ag'inst the bes' machinery an' the bigges' guns is the soul of a people, we won't 'ave no more wars. Up t' naa, we ain't give as much attention t' pectectin' the sperrit Gawd give us as we 'ave to aar movies an' telephones. At the presen' time, set a million people armed wiv peace-an'-good-will ag'inst a million people armed wiv shrapnel, an' w'at 'appens? In the present siterwation the on'y thing t' do is t' horfer peace wiv one 'and, but be sure the other's full o' shrapnel. Hi know a nation w'at's full o' the Gawd-like sperrit. They tried it f'r months. They said t' the henemy, "Ere! W'at

d' y' mean? Doncher know no better? Hixplaine y'rself! W'y did y' do thet?" Did the henemy reco'nize it, an' s'y, "W'at a Gawd-like sperrit! 'Ow Christian-like!" An' act Christian-like in return? No! The henemy said, "W'at oh! W'at 'ave we faand? 'Ere's a nation o' nuts!" That nation 'as naa realized w'at we realized a few years ago—thet a gun in y'r 'and don't mean thet you're goin' t' shoot, but it does maike the other feller listen t' w'at you've got t' s'y.

So come on, young feller-me-lads, an' join up! Give me y'r an's an' s'y y'll fight f'r y'r country! Give those brutes all the war they want! Give 'em war until the very word "War" maikes 'em sick to their stomicks to 'ear it! Give 'em war until they pray for peace—the honly peace we Henglish will agree to—peace wiv the victory of all civilization over the foulest, dirtiest, vilest race that ever disfigured this 'ere earth! Come on, boys! Join up! Carry on! Who comes first? (*As the hands go up to clasp hers.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE END

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfort of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozier; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
Free and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellows prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

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Nothing But the Truth

A Farical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

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